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JOHN BULL

3d

SIX MONTHS OF 1942

By A.G.B.

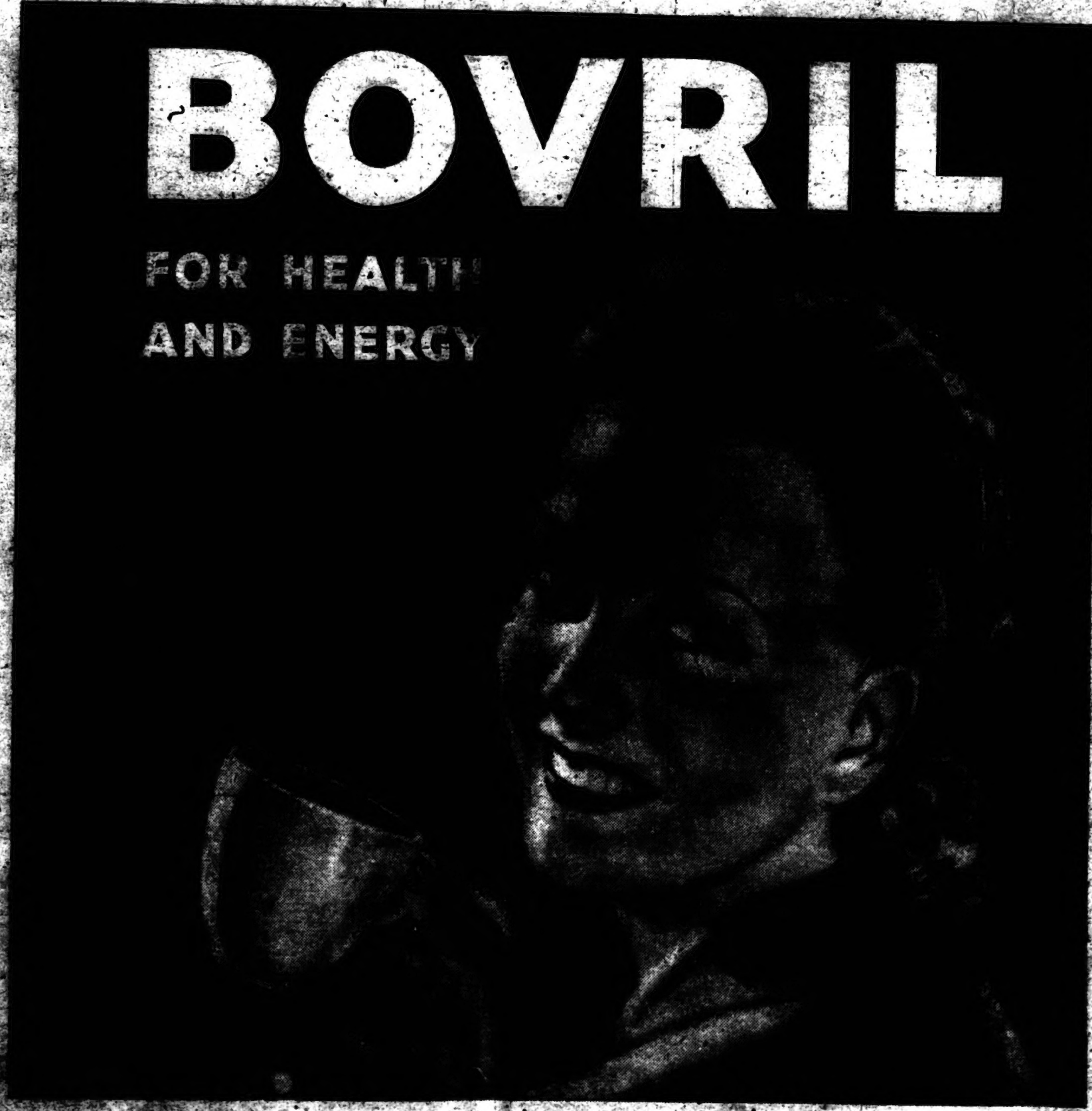
THE BIBLE DESERT

A LITTLE FROM THE LOAF

By the Editor

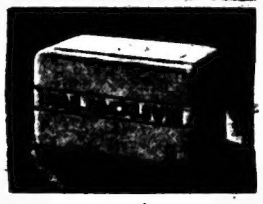
BOVRIL

FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY



Answering the call to serve, more and more women find less and less time to care for their skins. That is why they are more grateful than ever to the rich, velvety olive oil lather of Palmolive. They know it is all they need to keep lovely—naturally. To keep "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

3½d INCLUDING TAX



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Said Princess Smart: "Our girls all use Cherry Blossom Polish for their shoes."
Said Princess Bright: "With so many a shine No wonder the A.T.S. look fine."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

In Black, Brown and Tonette.
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

The Ministry of Food feeds a family of 45,000,000. In this family THE CHILDREN COME FIRST. Oranges . . . milk . . . extra eggs . . . school meals. And NOW — on December 8th — a new scheme has come into operation: A FREE REGULAR DISTRIBUTION TO ALL CHILDREN UNDER TWO, OF COD-LIVER OIL COMPOUND AND OF FRUIT JUICES (blackcurrant juice or purée at first, orange juice later). Cod-liver oil contains the growth-promoting Vitamin A and the bone-building Vitamin D; and the fruit juices are rich in the protective Vitamin C. Three essential vitamins in concentrated and convenient form. The scheme may be reviewed at the end of March, but until then THERE IS NOTHING TO PAY. We have to thank our friends of the U.S.A. for the orange juice. The cod-liver oil comes from Iceland. The blackcurrant juice is from our own harvest of last year.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

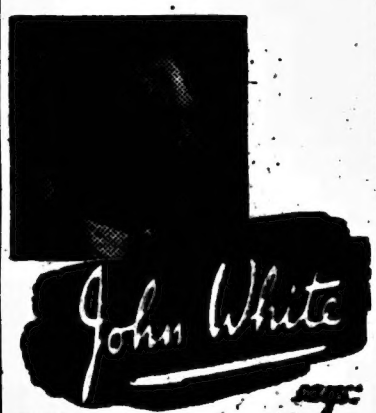
1. Turn to page 5 of your child's yellow ration book. On the counterfoil, at the top of the page, under the words *Name and address of retailer*, write the address of the Clinic, Welfare Centre or other distribution centre established by your Food Office where you would like to collect your supplies. It must be within your own Food Office area. Lists of these distributing centres will be displayed locally.
2. Don't cut out the page or the counterfoil, but send the complete book in an envelope to your Local Food Office, or take it there yourself if you prefer to.
3. When the Food Office has checked your choice of distribution centre and has stamped page 5 with the words *Valid for Vitamins*, you will be able to collect supplies. The distribution began on December 8th. Don't forget to take the yellow ration book with you.

FOOD FACTS No. 72 ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Economise in electricity—but be sure of getting the utmost value from the current you use by fitting OSRAM coiled-coil lamps. They give up to 20% more light for the same current consumption.

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



MORE than ever now is it necessary to obtain the utmost footwear value in return for your money—and coupons. Under war-time restrictions I am maintaining the quality of my famous Impregnable and Tenovaire Brands so that the best possible service is ensured, and doing my best to allocate distribution fairly among stockists, so an enquiry in your District will be always well worth while.

Impregnable Style KB 1210 or mid-weight KB 1291.

Black Glossy Service Boot.

Impregnable

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD., IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

Easily made up at home

There is no need for the family cold to go round if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it always at hand.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day: for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

Splendid Corrective!

Your home-cooked vegetable diet is very liable to expose fermentation, in such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Fragrant fluid extract made by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

Lixen Elixir is also obtainable in liquid in bottles, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 6d., 1/3. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L.1018

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January, 3, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

SEVEN-POINT PLAN

KEY points of the Allies' Grand Strategy for 1942 are only two:

Firstly, to follow up to destruction the fleeing Germans in Russia and Libya.

Secondly, to hold off the Japanese until the chief enemy is smashed and supplies are replenished.

Great News

Though the New Year brings hope that the first will be achieved, the second promises to be difficult and disappointing.

Owing to blundering inefficiency, indeed, there have already been so many Far Eastern shocks that they have taken the fine edge off the news that the Germans are at last on the run.

Clearly there has been no better news during all the twenty-eight months of war.

Winter Help

But it would be folly to assume that the Germans will run all the way back to Berlin without assistance.

It would be dangerous to imagine that the Reichswehr will crack now that Hitler has become its commander-in-chief in fact as well as in title.

We must boot the Germans on their way. We must help Hitler to spread alarm and despondency.

Spring Prospects

So let us hatch our chickens before we count them. Let us seize the chance of routing the German Army by developing our counter-offensive.

The best way of chasing the enemy out of Russia is to put more weapons into Russian hands.

The best way to kick Rommel out of Africa and split Italy from its "toe" to the Brenner is to send Generals Auchinleck and Ritchie a bumper New Year gift of tanks and 'planes.

Spain and Turkey

Because of the peril to Spain and Turkey, moreover, we must send reinforcements on a tremendous scale to the Mediterranean.

We have had enough of the brave but futile business of compelling our troops to fight against greatly superior odds.

We must keep the tank and plane superiority we have built up in Africa. We must keep naval superiority in the Mediterranean. We must flood in enough supplies to *assure* us of absolute mastery.

First Things First

Whatever new blows Hitler may aim at us in his desperation—and he still has enough strength to wind us for a round or two—we now have proof that skilful ringcraft will bring us the verdict.

But the Far East offers less guarantee of steady progress.

Because it would be criminally crazy to divide our offensive force, we must be content to keep the Japanese at bay until we have drawn Germany's fangs.

Danger Points

There is bitter proof that it will not be easy to keep them at bay.

We are losing territory. We have temporarily lost naval and air superiority. We have surrendered vital air bases.

We must now take care that Singapore—key pin of the Empire, bastion of the whole Pacific, gateway to the rubber plantations—holds out.

And we must take care that India does not fall.

Last Chance

Must our pride prevent a fresh attempt to reach understanding with India's leaders? Should outworn Imperialism forbid a generous and wise effort to win India wholly to our side?

The answer must be given quickly, for already the Japanese have won entry to the Indian Ocean.

Initiative Wanted

Wisdom and goodwill are needed on both sides.

The initiative must, however, be taken by Britain.

We must be prepared to make a wise and generous gesture now. Nothing less than the sweeping aside of the stupid people here who have done so much to divide India, should be the prelude to the essential negotiations.

Seven-point Charter

Accord with India should indeed be part of a wider aim: Complete understanding among all the peoples pledged to destroy the Axis.

Let this be the first of seven New Year resolutions that will guarantee us Victory!

Grand Strategy

The conversations between Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, and other Allied statesmen should be but a beginning.

The Grand Strategy of the Allies cannot be limited to military measures alone.

Let us resolve to secure complete and close co-operation 'between the U.S., Great Britain, the U.S.S.R., China, the Netherlands and other Freedom Powers. Let us co-ordinate resources, pool our forces, unify action, prepare for post-war problems!

Telling the World

Propaganda should be the subject of our second aim.

Let us *use* it for all it is worth. Let us concentrate on getting the truth into Germany.

But let us see that truth has only one version

Single Voice

It would be dangerous to have Russia saying one thing, Britain another, and the U.S. something else.

Particularly important will be what we tell the German people of our plans for the New World we intend to build after the Peace. Any suggestion of contradictory ideas would be fatal.

Splitting the Clock

Moreover, the clock should be shared so that only one propaganda voice speaks at a time. Otherwise, effort will be wasted and confusion encouraged.

Let us therefore co-ordinate propaganda as well as military action.

Nation at War

Third resolution concerns every fit man and woman in Britain.

Let us resolve to end all the manpower muddles exposed by JOHN BULL. Let us harness the whole nation to the task of winning the war.

Everyone should be doing something to help. And no one should be *allowed* to carry on normal life untouched by the sacrifices of the many.

Out-o'-Works

By almost every post, letters arrive at JOHN BULL'S offices from men of long experience and technical skill who have vainly sought war work for months.

We are told of women who, though they have never had a day's illness in their life, are not wanted for munition-making. They are over forty, the men over fifty—and so they are considered too old to help their country.

Let us make an end of such lunatic absurdities!

Red Tape Madness

Let us also sweep away all the obstacles to greater production of arms and munitions—the red-tape nonsense of beef-witted officials, the obstinacy of vested interests, the infuriating bottlenecks in supply systems, the costly transport troubles.

Not a man, not a machine, should be left idle.

Many, alas, are still idle. They will not be kept busy until Whitehall issues better directions and displays greater enterprise.

Save to Attack!

Wages, prices and savings present linked problems vital to the war effort. Let all three be tackled with more firmness and wider vision!

Let us end the intolerable nuisance of profiteering, racketeering and duty-dodging of all kinds! There is no virtue in boasting of the number of prosecutions for war offences; we need new laws to take away the temptation to offend.

After the War

The seventh resolution should deal with the Peace that is to come.

Let us resolve not to lose sight of the goal for which we are striving and the tasks that must be tackled and shared by all the peoples when the fighting ends.

So let us start planning now for the Brave New World.

On the Run

The war may spread still farther. It may demand from us yet more blood and tears, toil and sweat. The dismay of Hitler, the downfall of Pétain, the daring of Tojo, all presage new trials.

But now the chief enemy is on the run. By a general policy and a supreme effort we can hasten his flight towards final disaster.

(Continued overleaf)

"John Bull's" Wartime Security Gift for 1942

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

AND COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS FOR EVERY READER

● "John Bull" is proud to announce that its vital Wartime Security Gift will continue to operate in 1942. The knowledge that this protection will again be theirs in the coming New Year, the knowledge that if need should arise practical assistance will be quickly forthcoming, will hearten anew hundreds of thousands of families.

All benefits and conditions remain in force as in 1941, the provisional date of termination of the benefits now being December 31st, 1942.

● "John Bull" offers free to registered readers an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied, or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, including Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Spotters and Fire Watchers.

Already over £74,000 has been paid to registered readers in air raid benefits alone.

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided by this unparalleled Charter of Protection.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1942 Free Wartime Security Gift which supersedes all schemes previously in force. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THEY do things better in the United States.

In 1920, a Rehabilitation Board was set up there to train disabled people for decent jobs and thus prevent them from rotting.

In 1941, Britain adopted the idea.

And, in less than three months, the scheme has proved a miserable failure.

Boycotted

Here are the reasons:

It does not include seriously disabled people. They are still as rigorously boycotted as if they were lepers.

Less crippled people have boycotted the scheme because they can get jobs on their own initiative, and therefore do not need to enter a Ministry of Labour training centre for 26 weeks.

Penalised

Moreover, if they enter a training centre they receive less payment than other trainees.

Disabled men are allowed 42s. a week, disabled women 33s. But fit men receive 60s. 6d. a week; women, from 38s. to 48s.

True, some of the disabled draw a pension. But why should they be penalised for doing so?

Red Tape

Unfortunately, the scheme has been managed by narrow-headed Civil Servants who lack experience in the subject and refuse to heed expert advice.

With the result that the experts have given up hope of getting a fair deal for the disabled.

Remedy

Both Mr. Bevin and his assistant, George Tomlinson, are very keen on the scheme. But both, of course, are swamped with other work.

When they can find a little time, we suggest they remodel the scheme on the American lines, extend it to all disabled people and operate it under expert advice.

On its board should be representatives of the trainees themselves and of all the Ministries concerned; the support of interested societies should be obtained.

Looking Busy

No matter who drives them, all Army lorries must be at work when a Brasshat visits an R.A.S.C. driver-training camp.

Often, this prevents a batch of men from being "passed out" to the posting company. Were they drafted out, 20 or 30 trucks would be left idle.

So the draft is kept back and all the lorries sent out on aimless errands, wasting hundreds of gallons of petrol a year.

Acting Unpaid

There is still trouble, too, over the appointment of acting unpaid N.C.O.s.

Lance-corporals can never be granted substantive rank. Suppose they have held that rank for 15 months and then have to go to hospital.

If they are in hospital for more than 21 days they automatically lose the stripe.

Not So Easy

In the case of full corporals, they have to hold the paid rank for 90 days, sergeants 180 days and so on up the scale.

Any move from one unit to another during these periods, or any long stay in hospital, usually means the loss of rank.

Further note to the War Office: This system provokes bad feeling.

Lavish

So, by the way, does the ostentation by the wealthier officers' messes.

At an officers' dance held just before Christmas the buffet included four roast turkeys, five geese, a dozen turkeys, four boiled hams, a dozen ox tongues, roast pork, beef, mutton brawn, corned beef, salmon, and so on.

Question to the Ministry of Food: How is it possible to obtain such lavish supplies?

Stolen Secrets

If all the official documents lost or stolen from cars were collected, there'd be enough to paper the walls of Scotland Yard.

In six months there have been 21 cases of War Office papers "disappearing" from private cars and public vehicles.

Other State Departments have almost as bad a record.

Now there is an even more serious development to report.

Hush!

Secrecy has become the policy. Cases of lost papers are being hushed up.

JOHN BULL has an idea that it would be more in the public interest to sack the losers.

The Ministry of Supply did sack one negligent official. But that was a unique example of making the punishment fit the offence.

Misfit

Of course, officialdom rarely shows either sense or sensibility.

Forty-year-old soldier was passed out as a radiolocation operator. So, according to the old Army way, he has been made a gun-layer and range-finder—a job for which he has naturally received no training.

Co-operation!

Big-scale Home Guard exercises were held recently in Hertfordshire. Local A.R.P. units were told to man three special posts as the exercises would test co-operation between H.G.s and Civil Defence.

The posts were fully manned. But, except that the telephones were used for passing on a few messages, the A.R.P. organisation was not called upon at all.

In the Dark

Wardens gladly gave up their whole Sunday in the belief that they were to gain valuable experience.

They wasted their time and are still in the dark as to what the exercises were all about.

Gone Astray!

Next example of war "efficiency" concerns half a dozen trucks of coal that were recently shunted on to a suburban siding, presumably for a winter dump.

But no one knew anything about them. Railway officials wanted them cleared speedily.

So appeal was issued to A.R.P. wardens to volunteer for the job of emptying the waggons. Bait offered was 1s. 6d. per ton shovelled and free cleansing of clothing spoiled in the process.

Paid to Laze

Contrast is provided by member of a London rescue squad who boasts that he goes to the cinema whenever he feels inclined, that his colleagues do likewise without anyone objecting.

Somehow, he still manages to knock up £10 a week and produces his income-tax papers as proof. Unearned income?

We Can't See It

Also beyond our understanding is the experience of eight soldiers on leave who were separately asked by a well-dressed man to attend a party being given by his wife and himself.

Turning up at the address he gave, they found an empty house. On its "For Sale" notice was the scrawled message: "The joke's on the Army."

We've noticed before that practical jokers lack a sense of humour.

It Makes Us Mad

Still crueller, still less excusable, is a tale concerning a London lad who was drowned a year ago—when his ship was torpedoed within sight of land.

The other day, police called at his mother's house to arrest him for having failed to register with his age-group.

It makes us mad—mad enough to want to jail the official responsible.

On the Alert!

Let us tell you a few more tales of midwinter madness.

An aircraft factory is "protected" by machine guns. But the gunners are not allowed to have ammunition until the Alert is sounded.

Recently, an enemy plane didn't wait for the Alert. And the gunners had to watch its bombs come down without having a bullet to fire at it.

A.A.—N.G.!

Again, more than 100 men at a munitions factory offered to form an A.A. unit of the Home Guard.

Commanding officer rejected the proposal. He just didn't like the idea.

Not on the Sabbath

And again: 120 tons of fish were landed at a Scottish port too late for Saturday sales.

Ministry of Food urged disposal on the Sunday afternoon. Local fish association retorted: "There will be no allocation of fish on Sundays."

There wasn't.

Serial Story

Next, let us continue with our serial story of the N.F.S. muddle and mess:

This week's instalment begins in a much-blitzed city of the West Country. There, we understand, firemen are engaged on gardening at officers' houses.

But, so that the public will not notice it, the firemen are asked to work in civilian clothes.

Not Wanted

In a Midlands town, N.F.S. reorganisation has meant that all part-time firemen have been sacked, their places filled by full-time inexperienced men.

The "old hands," apparently, will have to be content with fire-watching instead of fire-fighting.

Too Old!

Sympathise with a reader who has been trying to get a war job for two years.

His forty years' experience in engineering include supervision of ship repairs up to 20,000 tons.

Too Young!

And commiserate with a man of thirty-two who came to Britain from France to join up.

He is a dentist, but he found that the Army didn't want dentists. So he became a Red Cross ambulance driver and went through the siege of Calais.

Next, he tried to get intelligence work, for he speaks several French dialects and has intimate knowledge of France and Africa. He was turned down.

Jobless

For a time he was a paid fire-watcher and experienced the City bombing. Now he is again workless.

When keymen are being called up, why are others forced to remain idle?

Behind the News

● **Germany can't maintain her present expenditure of munitions and oil for more than a few months, Russian experts say. Hence Stalin's decision to press the winter offensive and not wait for his new Spring armies, thus giving Hitler no time to build up fresh reserves.**

● *German rout in Russia has created new wave of unrest in Hungary and Rumania.*

● Wealthy German families who fled south to escape R.A.F. are now afraid of similar Soviet attacks and have begun an exodus to villages on the Swiss frontier.

● **Nazis in Vichy France are distracted by leakage of secrets. Whole trainloads of stock dispatched to Germany have disappeared *en route*.**

● *Enlightened Arabs are delighted at U.S.A. decision to establish "arsenal of democracy" in Eritrea. For one thing, it has smashed £20,000,000 Nazi-Fascist propaganda efforts of recent years.*

● **Closing down of Nazi air line in South America has been the signal for Germans and Japs in the Latin states to sell out their interests for dollars and sterling before the Pan-American conference meeting next month at Buenos Aires.**

● **Nazi economists are professing sentimental regret that Portugal has removed her gold to America and the Azores. As if Germany could not protect it from rapacious Britain, they say!**

● *Machine-guns and barbed wire are being put up in German towns. Are Nazis afraid of Russian invasion or outbursts of war-weary citizens?*

● **S.S. Black Guards whose regiments have been decimated in Russia have been recalled to man the Home Front. Change to shoot at unarmed population may restore their shattered morale!**

● **German army, jealous of Nazi in the loot from occupied countries, have now appointed "Economic officer to see that high officers are not excluded from the share-out.**

● *Gestapo is busy with inquisitions about the Russian failures. Generals Dietl and Kleist are marked down for investigations and eventual punishment.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

IF HITLER TOLD THE TRUTH

As we enter upon 1942 we must not blink the fact that our future path may still be beset with the "blood and toil and tears and sweat" which Mr. Churchill visualised in his far-sighted prophecy.

But while the British people have never been afraid to face up to hard truths, there are some who would not find them very palatable at this moment.

What, for instance, would Adolf Hitler have to admit if he were forced to tell the truth? Suppose we try to assess his thoughts.

The New Year dawns redly over all the earth as he empties his miserable heart to the countless millions he has brought to misery:—

★ ★ ★

BY this time I meant to rule the world. I did not care what it cost provided Germany became the master race and I the master of all the Germans.

Everything went right for me to begin with. I began to think that I really was inspired, and that I could not make a mistake. Now I realise that I have made many mistakes, and I know that Churchill, my special enemy, was right when he said my attack on Russia was one of the outstanding blunders of history.

Those cursed Russians! Who could have dreamed they were so strong and so stubborn? And yet, in a way, I was always afraid of them. I said again and again I would never fight a war on two fronts. I remembered Napoleon, but, in spite of that, I marched on Moscow!

I could understand Germans because I am one of them. I could measure their greed and vanity and frightful inner sense of inferiority by my own. When I told them they were super-men their eyes shone and their chests expanded.

When I said they had never lost the old war, but had only been cheated out of victory, they believed me. I told them they were being crushed down by an infamous treaty; I said there was a world conspiracy to deny them their proper living space. They swallowed every word of it. They began goose-stepping again.

Of course, I half-believed all this myself. But only half. Before I came to power Germany *was* held down—by the arrogance of France, the astounding complacency of Britain and the stupid indifference of America and the outside world.

At least I have changed all that. When I wrote "Mein Kampf" I warned all readers exactly what I meant to do, but I knew my enemies would never believe me, and they didn't.

I made that book the Bible of the Third Reich. Never mind whether I wrote it all myself; no matter if it did not contain a single new idea. It fooled the world. It made me the leader of what I called National Socialism.

Millionaires like Thyssen financed *my* "constitutional revolution" to save themselves and their fortunes from Bolshevism. . . . They were afraid of the Russians then, and now it is my turn to be afraid.

Most people believe what they want to believe. They believed me when I said nearly ten years ago: "Germany will tread no other path than that laid down by the Treaties." That was in the Reichstag soon after I had come to power.

But I was planning war and conquest right from the start. I began to arm Germany six years before the Democracies suspected my intentions—six priceless years.

Poland. . . . Was that a mistake? Only because it brought war, and I did not think Great Britain would fight for a country she could not hope to save.

No; as a military leader I made no blunder there; nor all through the slow first year when France and Britain, too, waited for me like defiant sheep behind their precious Maginot Line, while my arms factories worked overtime.

Norway was a resounding triumph for my arms, and the long-planned, clearly foreseeable invasion of the Low Countries astonished me only because it took my enemies by surprise. Then France fell like a rotten plum.

The English, the cursed English, the fighting fools who never know when they are beaten, escaped destruction at Dunkirk; but, if I had chosen to invade them then, I believe I should have won the war.

Now I realise that I wrote my own death warrant for the sake of a cheap, theatrical revenge. I could not resist dictating *my* peace terms from Foch's railway coach in the Forest of Compiègne, and I am not even sure that the old dotard, Pétain, did not get the better of me when I let him keep his fleet!

At all events, the delay was fatal to my plans. I knew in my heart that the British never give in, but I gave them time to lick their wounds. I thought the Luftwaffe invincible, but the English pigs defeated it in the "Battle of Britain," and my finest chance of invasion was lost for ever.

Perhaps I was wrong to bind that fool, Mussolini, to my chariot wheels. He has certainly cost me more than he is worth. I had to save him from the Greeks. Now I have tried to save him in Africa and Rommel is on the run!

But my crowning mistake, my fatal, irreparable blunder, lay in thinking I could fool Josef Stalin. He has outwitted me and outfought me from start to finish.

And it was he—and no other—who drove me to call Japan to my rescue—Japan of all countries, as much Germany's rival as Britain's and America's, the War Lords of the Far East, the little yellow men who would never have let me get away with victory, even had I won!

On every major issue, in every vital decision, I, Adolf Hitler, have been the dupe of my own vanity and the victim of my own greed. Soon the German people will learn to know me for the impostor that I am, and the hatred of their disillusion will be more terrible than the hatred of my enemies.

I thought, like Gengis Khan, to build my throne upon a monument of skulls, but my sword has turned in my hand. My lies are boomerangs; the treacheries I planned are destroying me; and the honest fools, whom I despise, gather against me from the four corners of the earth to encompass my destruction and bury my ambitions in universal obloquy.

★ ★ ★

Thus might speak the Fuehrer of the Third Reich if he were forced to tell the truth.

The New Year dawns redly over all the earth, but the Forces of Freedom will ride the final storm.

So let us face 1942 with confidence and the firm resolve to redouble our efforts in every sphere. We can expect no easy path; no short cut to Victory; but in the frank realisation of this truth lies half our strength.

The Netherlands Prepare to Strike

She is "Little Holland" no longer. Never before was she as strong. The growth of her navy, army and air force has been one of the best kept secrets of the war.

Says Maurice Fagence

BRITONS have been reading with astonishment about Holland's lightning successes in the Pacific.

She torpedoed four fully laden Japanese troopships: sent a tanker and cargo boat to the bottom: torpedoed and blew up a cruiser.

Then her bombs disabled another cruiser.

And all the time her troops were capturing motor-launches in North Borneo and mopping up outposts, her air force landing troops and sailors to help in the defence of Singapore, her navy fighting and patrolling over the whole south Pacific.

Then we found she had troops to carry out a half-share of the job of occupying Timor—and we began to wonder where she was getting her men from.

★ ★ ★

Truth is we have been underrating the strength of Holland ever since Germany brutally forced her into the war.

We imagined that Germany wiped her out in a military and naval sense in those few days in which her soldiers, sailors, and airmen astonished the world with their heroism.

Ever since then we have known she was doing her best—but imagined that it was a small best.

Now she has taught us—and the Axis Powers must be more surprised than our own people.

For to-day Holland stands revealed as a stronger fighting Power than ever before in her history.

She had 40,000 trained troops when the Germans attacked. Her losses were cruel. To-day she has 100,000 fully trained, complete with tanks, the fullest panzer equipments—and paratroops.

★ ★ ★

And that's nothing to what she is going to have.

The natives of her Empire were asked to supply so many men per village.

All the men of every village came pouring up demanding the right to serve—and the problem is how to get them into the army quickly enough.

Her navy has grown, too. The Germans got nothing of it but smoking ruins—and any ship the Germans *did* destroy made the Nazis pay more than a fair price for her.

Every ship that could move got away—after fighting till the last minute. Her unfinished ships were towed here and completed in British shipyards.

So to-day she has a navy stronger than ever before. Its base—Sourabaya—is next strongest in the Pacific to Singapore.

Japan doesn't know Holland's full strength in waters adjacent to Japan. What she does know is that she has been given a few hard kicks by three cruisers, ten or twelve destroyers, and an unknown quantity of submarines.

But if her navy and army are vastly superior to those of before the war, her air force completely dwarfs that which put up such brilliant defence when the Germans came.

Not a day or night passes without her naval flying boats patrolling many thousands of miles of the lonely Pacific.

They were meant to be the eyes of the Royal Netherlands Fleet. But they have proved both the teeth and claws as well.

And while we have been carrying out our Empire-training scheme for pilots, Holland has had a similar scheme on her own account.

Then she has 3,000,000 tons of registered tonnage in her own mercantile marine. Her ships carry British boys out to foreign battlefields—and bring food home to you.

★ ★ ★

Holland fought the Spaniards for eighty years, when the Spaniards were as Nazi Germany is to-day. Always Holland's strength grew greater. And in the end she won.

Holland is like that. Hitler could never know how her arms were growing from strength to strength. Japan certainly didn't.

Holland, which has the sea in its blood, has always moved like a tide, slowly at first, then in a flood, and finally lashing and pummelling with its giant breakers.

The breakers are coming. Looking East, you can see the white spume of the first rollers.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P. Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Britain expects that 1942 will be a year of smashing R.A.F. attacks on Germany.

It hopes that the promises made in 1941 will be fulfilled.

It trusts that you and your Service commanders will employ all the forces at your disposal to crack the enemy's Home Front as deeply as our Russian allies and General Auchinleck are denting his Fighting Front.

You need not doubt the public's appreciation of the R.A.F.'s hammer blows in the past year.

You must be well aware of the general admiration of the lads in light blue who have performed perilous tasks with the utmost gallantry.

But many months ago we were assured that our raids on Germany would soon become unparalleled in intensity.

We were told that the heaviest raid on London would be "child's play" to that which we should inflict on Berlin.

Well, we are waiting for those pledges to be put into effect.

You have, of course, had bad luck with the weather. I hope that in future it will keep fine for you, and that on every fair night our giant four-engined bombers will throb through the starry skies to blast the enemy's war factories.

Not Berlin—though it has some war industries.

Not docks and railways—we know by our experiences here that docks cannot be destroyed and railways can soon be repaired.

More disastrous than a few holes in a quay are holes in an aircraft factory or a tank depot.

Let us attack the enemy's war supplies at source. Let us attack them on every opportunity and without respite, by day and by night; let us smash them so that the *Luftwaffe* cannot regain superiority and the Nazi tanks are kept from the battlefields.

Thus shall we help the Soviet Union. Thus shall we aid our own armies. And thus shall we prepare for victory.

Good luck be with you and your men in this grand task!—JOHN BULL.

Major-General BUCKLEY, Controller of Army Economy

DEAR GENERAL,—A monopoly has been granted to National By-Products, Ltd., to buy swill from certain Army camps, though farmers would pay four or six times as much as the prices offered by this concern.

Why, then, was it granted a monopoly? Who are the people responsible for its finance? How much profit has been passed to regimental funds? When will a balance sheet be issued?

And, finally, are Army lorries used to cart the swill?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—A firm in North-East Scotland and one in the South of England have both secured identical contracts for war supplies.

But the products of the Scottish firm are being sent to the extreme south, while the English firm is having to send its products to a depot less than three miles away from the Scottish factory.

So many goods trains will be needlessly engaged.

Evidently co-operation from other Ministries would help you to relieve the strain on our war transport.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR, H.M. Stationery Office

DEAR SIR,—I am tired of buying four-paged Government White Papers that have one page entirely blank and another devoted only to the title.

Because, you see, I happen to know there is a grave shortage of paper. Perhaps you don't.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR, Leicester

DEAR SIR,—Surely your wonderful police have enough to do without wasting the court's time and making your city look foolish?

Only in Leicester would a young man and woman be charged with advertising a political meeting "in such form and manner not approved by the Local Board."

That "Local Board" hasn't sat for fifty years!

Of course, the magistrates dismissed the summonses. But such prosecutions are not merely frivolous but vexatious. —JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Neither farmers nor wholesalers can understand your policy. Nor can I.

Carrots were fetching only a little more than pre-war prices, and no one was grumbling, until much higher control prices were fixed.

Now, wholesalers cannot sell half the usual amounts and the farmers will have to send the rest to cowkeepers as waste.

Who advised you to impose the higher prices?—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Woking

YOUR WORSHIPS,—It is so unusual for war offenders to be robbed of their illicit gains that I offer you my surprised congratulations.

No doubt you also surprised the firm which, by hawking round "mythical" quotas, had a profit of £3,703—and for which you imposed fines and costs totalling £5,552 10s.

I should be even more pleased if you were to preside over a national court before which all such offenders would be brought —JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUCH, M.P., Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—You would do a public service by appointing a small committee of inquiry to consider the conditions in which evacuees from overseas are having to live in Britain.

Somebody in authority seems to have blundered in the housing and treatment of these people. Many of them were forced to come to Britain under threat of punishment; now they're here, they are denied either comfort or good food.

A lawyer and two social welfare experts would soon examine their complaints and submit a report.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. H. INCE, Director-General of Man-Power

DEAR SIR,—Beware lest the new call-up retards the war effort instead of increasing it.

I hear of skilled tank workers and aero draughtsmen getting their papers. One trade in particular is likely to be crippled.

Wholesale ironmongers are in despair. They often have to fulfil urgent orders by Government Departments for fittings required in arms factories.

Only men with long experience know where such fittings can be obtained. So complex is the trade that it takes four years to learn. How then could women be quickly trained to replace them?

Yet these men are threatened with instant call-up. If this is done, munition factories may be thrown into confusion. —JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P., Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—Inquiry into a very wicked crime has been held at an R.A.F. station. It was reported that airmen had actually been supplied with fresh milk by a farmer who didn't know what to do with a temporary surplus.

I hope that neither they nor he pay for the crime with their lives, even though the R.A.F. is supposed to be content with dried milk and leave cows' milk for the civil population.

And a word in your ear: Civilians won't mind surrendering supplies for air crews so long as babies and invalids do not go short.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Lord CHATFIELD, Committee of Gallantry Awards

MY LORD,—Are the right people getting the medals reserved for air-raid heroes?

I put this question again because there are further signs of uneasiness among Civil Defence workers and the public.

One A.F.S. woman is returning her decoration because she says the official description of her bravery is incorrect and she did no more than any of her colleagues.

Hampstead residents want an inquiry into a statement that no one saw a post warden at the scene of a rescue incident for which he was awarded the George Medal.

It is only fair to the persons concerned that official explanation should be given and suspicion be dispelled.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

No Passports Wanted

THE Libyan Desert east of Tobruk echoed and re-echoed to the roar of tanks as they wheeled and darted in battle.

Clouds of dust rose from the churned-up sand, and two British tanks, their drivers' vision blotted out, collided.

In one of the locked war waggons sat a young British officer—dead.

His Bible, thrown out of the shattered tank, lay on the sand. It was open at Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, and on the page was the verse:

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Somewhere in Britain a wife, a mother or a sweetheart may mourn that lad's passing.

But the sorrow should be lightened by the comfort that he had fought a good fight and that he had known what he was fighting for.

There is no virtue in fighting, as fighting.

Most of us have fought in our time for something—success, money, position, love, fame. Selfish fights these—not the good fight which inspired the young officer in the desert.

Town and Jungle

Men will fight for their possessions, their homes, their jobs whenever those are threatened.

They will fight like wild cats for their good name, their children, their future.

And being men, and therefore subject to all the conflicting passions of humanity, they will fight for those things whether their cause is good or bad.

Fighting thus, no man can don the cloak of virtue.

Something he prizes, something he holds dear, is in danger.

Ergo, he fights.

It is the natural law both of the town and the jungle.

He feels justified in fighting, tooth and claw, for those things which are dear to his heart.

But there are to-day greater things to fight for—those things which make the Allied cause the most noble in history.

It is, in the main, an abstract cause.

It concerns truth and honour and justice and decency and the right to live peacefully and freely without fear.

These are noble things, and they ennoble the fight being waged across the face of the earth against evil things.

This is the good fight.

Reaping the Faith

At the beginning of this year of crucial test the thought of the good fight must be the one, overpowering, dominating thought in our minds.

It must be the rock of our strength, the key to our whole national effort.

The young officer finished his course—but he kept the faith.

He, and others like him, have handed on the torch. Its light must illumine our hearts and our endeavours. For we who are left must keep faith with him.

Only by fighting the good fight, sternly, unflinchingly, and without thought for ourselves, can we keep the faith.

To betray that faith would be to betray mankind.

Fight the good fight now, so that in the future you may reflect that the fight was worth while.

And, if you falter, let Shakespeare's words from "Henry V" strengthen and encourage you:

He which has no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.

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From mere holes in the sand, our men have lifted new names to the saga of fame

Glorious Epics of the Desert

WATERLOO and Blenheim were unknown villages until heroes won them glory. To-day, village battlegrounds that are worlds apart—Kota Bahru and Kunantan in Malaya, Sidi Rezegh and El Adem in Libya—are gaining no less fame from courage.

Take Sidi Rezegh . . . a ruin or two in the blood-stained sands and a rock marking the tomb of a Moslem saint . . . where the thudding guns of history focused the valour of Private Moon.

Hour after hour, through two days of thirst and torment, men had dug in at Sidi. Sandstorms had delayed supplies, and for forty-eight hours the forward companies had held their ground without food and water.

Maybe you read about that time of "delicate supply problems"—but you didn't read about Mac Moon.

He volunteered to race up the bully beef and water on his carrier over a terrain swept by shells and bullets. It was like driving a "Stop me and buy one" cart through hell.

When he reached the shell-craters that were his destination, he discovered that he hadn't brought enough. So he went back for more.

A shell tore a chunk out of his travelling carrier. Still he carried on. A jagged shell splinter seared through his flesh. Mac kept going.

One journey after another he made. After dark it was decided to rush up carrying parties to all forward units. The way was mine-pitted and perilous. "I'll lead 'em!" said Mac.

"Give 'em Hell!"

He gained a Military Medal. So did Private McGrow in this sector when his buddies found themselves up against five enemy tanks and intense artillery and machine-gun fire from the Nazis. His section leader fell wounded, and George McGrow took over. "Give 'em hell," he yelled, and began to set an example.

His little section, fighting magnificently, had soon killed or wounded fifty and taken thirteen prisoners. The tanks scuttled off, their hard steel unable to withstand high morale.

And there was Sergeant Ronald Patrick, who crawled on two successive nights into a nest of mines, wriggling his way for 3,000 yards until he discovered the front line of the enemy.

Every yard of the reconnaissance might have seen him blown sky-high. These mines are sown with devilish ingenuity. Invisible by day, judge the difficulty of finding a hair-fine wire between two clumps of camel thorn by night. Every second in Patrick's long crawl might have been his last.

Sweating, straining, utterly exhausted, he came back safe at last to report. "You're all in," said his officer, "twenty-four hours' leave!"

"But that means I'll miss the actual raid!" cried Patrick.

"You've earned your rest—you've taken enough chances," said the officer.

And Patrick saw red. Like Mac Moon, he said that he, too, knew every yard of the way. He pleaded and begged.

When the patrol moved out, Patrick was there, taking the lead, snipping the trip-wires, till the minefield was crossed. As they stormed the enemy post, a volley of hand grenades blinded them. Four adjacent enemy posts opened fire.

Inspiring Example

In the hectic seconds that ensued, Patrick was the boy. Dog-tired, he rushed a machine-gun emplacement. Bone-weary, he bayoneted two of the crew and shot two more.

Vide **the official citation: "His eagerness and enthusiasm to take part in the raid, despite his fatigue, was an example to the remainder of the party, while his personal aggressiveness during the attack was responsible for at least four fatal casualties to the enemy."**

That's Sidi Rezegh, that was. That's why Rommel was put on the run.

Sergeant Fred Riley, for instance, is an Aberdonian, and he doesn't believe in taking chances. When he first sighted some enemy posts, he signalled to his motor transport to halt and opened fire from his carriers. Three enemy machine-gun post crews surrendered.

But when two anti-tank guns in a ruined fort opened devastating fire, he deliberately charged them. Thrice his carrier buckled and leapt as two-pounder shells hit home. Fred Riley went on—and it was entirely due to his speed and dash that his company suffered no casualties at all.

Sergeant Neil Hamilton Russell was blown up by booby traps as he stormed Rommel's earthworks. Still he continued in action and closed with the enemy.

Wounded by grenade splinters, he fought as if nothing had happened and captured prisoners.

And Sergeant-Major Jimmy Richmond thought nothing of standing up to throw hand grenades, in view of the enemy, to wipe out a Nazi sniper.

It was his life against theirs. Such are some of the men who have made the name of Sidi Rezegh echo round the world.

HAROLD ALBERT.

IT IS A DIFFERENT NAZI ARMY NOW

★ *WILLI FRISCHAUER, the exiled Austrian journalist, watched the Nazi war machine being forged, and is able to judge the effect of the hammering it has received in Russia.*

REMEMBER the pictures we used to get of the Nazi army, tall, strong fellows, fighting fit, marching in neat uniforms, swinging their legs in the goose-step, riding high on powerful tanks, smiling, imbued with the conviction that they were invincible, irresistible, indestructible.

Compare them with the dejected Nazis of Rommel's Afrika Korps, as they are led away into captivity—ragged, dirty, worn-out, wounded, all the fight gone from their arrogant faces!

Think of the reports from the Russian front describing the rout of crack Nazi divisions retreating so hurriedly that they did not even bother to put their tanks out of action.

Read of the defeat the Nazis suffered around Rostov. How they are turning back to Taganrog, to Mariopul, and further on.

How typhus, a more deadly enemy even than the valiant Russian armies, takes its toll. How they suffer from frost-bite, rheumatism, dysentery, and—the greatest moral hangover that has ever been the fate of an army.

Never Again!

It is this hangover which will yet prove Hitler's greatest weakness in future military campaigns. It's a different Nazi army now, and though, perhaps, far from final defeat, it will never be what it used to be.

Every one of the Nazi soldiers firmly believed in the legend of German invincibility which Nazi instructors had dinned into their ears.

German military text-books explained that "the word retreat has been eliminated from the German dictionary," and young Nazi officers who asked their teachers of strategy for instructions in case they had to abandon a strategic position were quickly shut up.

But, apart from the psychological effect of the Nazi failure in Russia, the German army has suffered other irreplaceable losses.

Among the two million casualties who will never again carry a gun for Adolf Hitler are the bulk of the professional Nazi army which had been trained and prepared for this war in the years from 1935 to 1938—the spearhead of every Nazi invasion.

I am choosing at random from one of the scores of death announcements published in the daily Nazi Press:

"Having been recruited into the German army in 1935," says the announcement, "having taken part in the occupation of Austria, the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, and having luckily survived the war campaigns against Poland, France, and Jugoslavia, my beloved son, Lt. Bernd von Studtwitz (Iron Cross I and II class), aged twenty-five, died at the head of his company on the Russian front. . . ."

His Fate in Russia

Here you have a perfect example of the Nazi soldier who conquered the Continent for Hitler. He knew nothing but the grim business of war. He survived "luckily" every war campaign. But he met his fate in Russia.

What remains of the Nazi armies in Russia will have to spend the winter in hurriedly prepared winter quarters, harassed by crack Russian armies of Siberians and Mongols to whom fighting along the snow-covered, icy, wind-swept steppes of Russia is life in their own element.

Do you believe that the two-odd million Nazi troops in Russia will be able to resume their offensive with the same vigour and irresistible speed which was hitherto characteristic of every Nazi campaign?

Many of them are being withdrawn from Russia and sent to other fronts which Hitler is about to open in Europe.

There they will still find a few Nazi army corps intact and fighting fit, because, even after Russia, Hitler has at least two million men for other adventures. There will still be some 800,000 new recruits, the annual intake of the German army while the High Command refuses to release the fifty-year-olds even from service in the field.

But, in total balance, that is not as favourable to Hitler as it may seem. The armies which he will have to put into the field will consist mainly of civilians, hastily put into uniform—young inexperienced recruits, led by a group of experts and veterans whose experience now includes—defeat.

Nor is the position much different in the Luftwaffe. The Nazi airmen who launched the attack against Britain last year have been shot out of the sky, are either dead, wounded, or prisoners of war.

Hitler is showering oak leaves (the highest Nazi decoration) on a great number of young pilots in an attempt to provide the German population with suitable objects for hero worship.

Cannot Match Them

But you will find that he cannot, in the long run, match the sheer inexhaustible reservoir of trained and trainable airmen from which the Allies can draw for future battles. When Mr. Churchill spoke of "Luftwaffe shortages" he must have had the lack of men for the Luftwaffe in mind.

There will still be plenty of raw young men who will be led by more experienced squadron leaders and who will be able to dump their bombs indiscriminately on civilian homes.

They may yet cause us a lot of suffering and destruction. They may still launch mass attacks. I doubt whether they will find and hit military targets which have even escaped their vastly better trained predecessors.

Experts may ponder whether Hitler was not forced to rely on the Japanese navy to help him in the war at sea. He may well have many more U-boats than the Kaiser sent out in the last war. He cannot have a sufficient number of crews after the unannounced, but nevertheless devastating, blows which the Navy has dealt to his underwater raiders.

Yes, it's a different *Wehrmacht* now.

Expect different Nazi generals as well. Already there are signs that many more will be cast aside like Brauchitsch.

Let me make one thing clear. The German army has been severely mauled. It is not beaten yet. Not by a long way.

It may hit out in many directions in its death struggle. It may cause grievous harm still, surge forth and back across the continents in this world-wide war. But whatever it does it will do with the strength of despair.

And despair will not save it from ultimate destruction.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

JANUARY 3, 1942

OUR CHANCES FOR 194

Only yesterday we faced the enemy alone; now mighty forces are gathering to our aid, and though the fight may be hard the issue was never more certain

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE New Year dawns upon this planet in the most tremendous crisis of secular history. Before it has run its course it may be that the destiny of the whole human family will be decided.

Civilisation or Satanism will have triumphed and mankind will be enslaved or free, not in one land only or one continent only or one hemisphere only, but over the whole earth.

Before attempting to cast the horoscope of this fateful year, let us glance for a moment at the year that is closed.

WHEN THE YEAR BEGAN THIS COUNTRY STOOD ALONE AGAINST THE POWERS OF HELL. IT WAS "OUR FINEST HOUR," BUT OUR DARKEST.

Our only ally had collapsed and surrendered. Our Army had been saved only by the miracle of Dunkirk.

Nightly our cities were in flames. Invasion seemed imminent.

Our Atlantic life-line was in desperate peril. The fall of France had shaken our hold on the Mediterranean. The Suez seemed doomed. North Africa as good as gone.

We were deficient in tanks, in planes, in all the munitions of war. In the eyes of the world that looked on, our end was only a question of time.

That was a year ago. In the interval a mighty change has swept the scene.

Our Atlantic life-line is no longer in immediate peril. Our dominion of the Mediterranean is unchallenged. We have destroyed the empire of Hitler's jackal in Africa.

We have constructed a great chain of fortifications in Asia Minor from the Mediterranean to the Caspian Sea. The Suez is safe. We have overtaken the enemy in the air.

In the war of tanks we are no longer inferior. The threat of invasion has passed. If it comes again we are armed to meet it.

And we are no longer alone. Two mighty allies stand with us shoulder to shoulder in unbreakable unity of purpose. The illimitable resources of two continents in man-power and material are at our command.

We owe both those gifts to Hitler. He made Russia our ally in June. He made the United States our ally in December.

We know already the harvest he has reaped in one case. He has lost millions of the flower of his army. His legions are in flight across the snows of Russia. He has suffered a defeat which may well prove to be the most catastrophic in history.

★ ★ ★

WHAT the harvest will be in the other case the New Year will show. It is here that we turn to the reverse side of the picture. Let us face it frankly.

WE HAVE SUSTAINED THE HEAVIEST BLOW THAT HAS BEFALLEN US SINCE THE COLLAPSE OF FRANCE. IT IS A BLOW TO OUR CAUSE. IT IS A BLOW TO OUR PRIDE, FOR IT STABS US WHERE WE BELIEVED OURSELVES TO BE INVULNERABLE.

Through the centuries sea-power has been the corner-stone of our structure.

"Time, and the ocean and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are."

Whatever our weakness elsewhere our dominion of the seas would make us unconquerable.

And suddenly, in a night, we have seen that dominion attacked with a fury, a power and a success that have temporarily, at least, gravely changed the outlook of the war.

The shock is the more painful because of the revelation it gives of the deplorable blindness of this country, and of America also, to the flagrant conspiracy that was being hatched against the freedom of the world.

For forty years Japan's ambitions to conquer Asia and the Pacific and to drive the white race out of both have been plain to every student of world events.

Strangely enough, it was the German Emperor whose cartoon first scared the western world in regard to the "Yellow Peril."

Now the "Yellow Peril" is invoked to save Germany from the ruin to which Hitler's rival ambition to conquer the world has brought her.

★ ★ ★

BUT do not let us lose our sense of proportion. Japan has given us a shock. But she has given us something more. She has given us a mighty ally.

IF EVER THE ISSUE OF THE WAR WAS IN DOUBT, SHE HAS MADE IT SURE. NOTHING BUT HER TREACHERY COULD HAVE BROUGHT AMERICA INTO THE WAR SO UNITEDLY AND WITH SUCH A WHITE FURY. WHAT THAT MEANS, EVERY WEEK OF THE NEW YEAR WILL SHOW WITH INCREASING POWER.

We must brace ourselves to stand bad news from the Pacific for some months. We shall be hit hard in our co
shall suffer. We shall hav
danger.

But the blitz will pas
in Europe. The impetus
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might of Britain, America,
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This fearsome apparition
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This is a war for the
and we can say with all

Our strength is as th
Because our cause is

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHAT IS WORLD STRATEGY?

● Thanks to newspaper pressure on our War Cabinet, there has assembled in Washington the beginning of a conference in which, in the shortest time possible, responsible experts from Britain, the United States, Russia and China must all sit with the aim of complete unification of war strategy and war economy.

In the Pacific, Washington and London tardily improvised action against the Japanese.

But China, which has fought the Japs for over four years, gallantly helped to relieve pressure on Hong Kong.

And, even on the eve of her repelling the Nazi armies, Moscow learned with astonishment that we had advanced in Libya.

The basis of allied world strategy must be a complete show-down as to all potential war materials and, when they are known, a detailed chess-board plan of how to combine military strength, diplomatic astuteness and man-power in the factories.

Our difficulty will be that the Brass Hats in Whitehall still do not recognise that Timoshenko, a mere peasant, is the outstanding soldier of the war.

ARE WE PLANNING THE FUTURE?

● Whenever you hear of a New World, always remember that almost every step the Government takes strengthens the old, bad system.

Lord Moyne, now Colonial Secretary, was recently head of a committee which advised welfare, social reform and trade union methods in the West Indies.

Yet Lord Moyne has now on his staff, as head of the committee which will deal with such matters in all the colonies, the Marquis of Dufferin, connected by him through the Guinnesses, a young soldier of 33, whose feelings towards trade unionism are anything but friendly.

You cannot have a New World by making your appointments from the Old World.

SHOULD BOYS BE USED ON A.A. GUNS?

● When Capt. Margesson told the Commons it was intended to use lads of 16 and 17 on the A.A. gun teams in the Home Guard, there was criticism on the ground that boys so young should not be used in war.

But the lesson of Russia is that people of all ages and both sexes can be so used.

It is ludicrous to argue that Boy Scouts, taught for years the rudiments of warfare, are no use in their middle teens for national defence.

I would back them against most of the middle-aged men now being conscripted from sedentary life.

NEED WAR RUIN EDUCATION?

● Although nearly every school is now carrying on with a scratch staff, old teachers taking the place of those called up for service, I refuse to take too gloomy a view of the educational situation.

Where it is bad, it is because individual teachers lack initiative.

Yet, all the time, evacuated children are acquiring a new kind of knowledge, one of small-town life, natural history in the country, and seeing a hundred things which they had never before heard of.

If their minds are less stocked with figures, they will be broadened with a new experience.

WHY WEREN'T CHRISTMAS RACKETS STOPPED?

● There were warnings in advance from many quarters that there would be, at Christmas time, racketeering in turkeys and poultry at the expense of the hard-pressed housewife.

Yet, once again, there happened over turkeys what had happened before over many kinds of food—black markets and wholesale racketeering.

The truth is that the Ministry of Food, efficient in many ways, has seldom shown any prophetic insight.

The appointment of one official to say, "Boys, turkeys will come next," would have saved the public millions of pounds.

Our Government, month after month, has had to be forced into action. Yet it has more power than has been possessed by any Government we ever had. Power is no good unless you use it.

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shall be hit hard in our communications. We shall suffer. We shall have moments of grave danger.

But the blitz will pass as it has passed in Europe. The impetus of the blow will spend itself.

There is no staying power behind it. The tiger will be caged by the giant, enveloping might of Britain, America, China, Russia and the Dutch East Indies.

There is another fact to be borne in mind. This fearsome apparition of Japan as a world conqueror has shocked mankind. It has changed the aspect of the war everywhere—in South America, in South Africa, in India, in Europe.

Even those who were indifferent to the German peril are stung into action by the "Yellow Peril." When the battered Hitler is spelled Tojo, even the Lindberghs are scared.

★ ★ ★

NO, in spite of her tiger spring, Japan has not made the issue more doubtful. She has made it more certain, more final, more overwhelming.

When I compare the omens of the New Year with those of a year ago, which I have described, I am sensible of a deep confidence and a profound thanksgiving.

Then, we had nothing but reliance upon ourselves and our faith in our cause to sustain us. Now, we have the judgment and the might of the world with us.

THEN, THE FIGURE OF THE BLOODTHIRSTY LUNATIC HITLER TERRIFIED AND MESMERISED THE GLOBE. TO-DAY, HE IS TOTTERING TO HIS FALL.

THEN, THE POWER OF THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE SEEMED INVINCIBLE. TO-DAY, IT LIES BATTERED AND BROKEN ON THE PLAINS OF RUSSIA AND IN THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

Then, starvation by sea and invasion by land was a real menace. To-day, that menace is fading.

Then, Europe lay stunned under the heel of the tyrant. To-day, it is rising to its knees. Soon it will be on its feet.

Then, Germany still hoped, still had faith in its idol. To-day, its faith is gone, fear is creeping into its soul.

It looks eastward to Russia and is appalled. It looks southward to Libya—no comfort there. It looks westward across the Atlantic and sees the inevitable doom approaching.

It looks to the Pacific and sees in the "Yellow Peril," which it was the first to shudder at, its only hope and rescue.

We can face the New Year with good heart. There are hard knocks to come. We took such knocks unflinchingly in the dark days when we stood alone.

We can take them the more confidently now that we know that the civilised world has moved into line with us.

Mighty forces are gathering to our aid. And they are not material forces alone.

This is a war for the things of the spirit, and we can say with all reverence that

Our strength is as the strength of ten
Because our cause is pure.

Thousands of Russian women, trained to throw grenades with the accuracy of a cricket ball, have helped Hitler to realise what a blunder he has made

Amazing Women Fighters!

By A GUERILLA COMMANDER

LIFE at forty-five degs. below zero under winter war conditions behind the German lines on the white road to Moscow wasn't exactly a woman's dream of home!

Manya Baranov, as she was known to the Germans in the small town of K., where she and I had our rendezvous, gladly endured it.

Manya is one of the most accomplished types of Russia's Amazing Amazons.

In tight-fitting blouse and faultless make-up, and speaking German as perfectly as if it were her native tongue, she made herself entertaining to swashbuckling young Nazi officers.

A girl's voice in German, even if belonging to a Russian, was music in their ears in this frozen hell so far removed from the firesides of their own womenfolk.

Manya, and their stolen vodka, helped them to talk—to forget!

But Manya was not all talk.

On the first night on which she kept her rendezvous with me when my guerilla party had penetrated to the outskirts of K., she not only provided the information we needed but, with the local guerillas, joined us at midnight in an assault on the Nazi headquarters when we wiped out the entire staff.

She herself threw grenades and fire-bottles with daring and unerring skill.

One of Thousands

She was a university student when the call to action came.

She learned to parachute, so that she could be flown over the enemy lines and jump from a plane at a point where her services would be most profitable.

Grenade and fire-bottle throwing, rifle firing, and even machine-gunning, dynamiting and other methods of sabotaging were part of her training.

She is one of thousands of her youthful but highly skilled type serving in our Amazon ranks to-day.

Another is the wife of Junior Political Functionary Valentin Pevensky.

Volunteering to join her husband's unit in an advanced position, she was chosen to secure certain valuable information that a woman had the best chance of obtaining.

Making up for the part she had to play, she advanced with her husband's detachment as it swept through the German lines to carry out a reconnaissance.

She got her information, brought it back. It contributed vitally to the smashing up of the Germans in this sector.

When I last heard of her, she was working at an advanced first-aid post.

In our constant sweeps through the German lines, and sometimes prolonged stays behind them, we guerillas frequently hear at first-hand of the heroic work of the Red Army's women nurses and doctors, and of those who serve secretly, tending wounded guerillas.

One of these guerilla nurses, named Abramova, a member of the Young Communist League, has been decorated with the Order of the Red Banner for outstanding merit.

I have not met her, but am told she is a girl of superb physique and tremendous bodily strength.

Saved Thirty-Two!

Her type is not uncommon in Russia—a point to remember. Otherwise the physical feats of some of these women may sound like fiction.

In the combat in which Abramova won the coveted Order, the guerillas suffered as well as inflicting severe losses.

The Germans, though surprised, were able to bring heavy artillery into action, besides mine-throwers and withering machine-gun fire.

Through this rain of death, Abramova in turn crept, ran, then calmly walked as, under the weight of a wounded guerilla, she bore him off the battlefield.

One by one as they fell, she carried them off. Thirty-two in all!

Being fighter as well as nurse, she did more.

At a crisis in the battle, she streamed bullets into the enemy by taking the place of a wounded machine-gunner!

Two other of our women have been praised by Marshal Voroshilov for similar acts of rescue.

One is nurse Klara Pavlova. She saved the lives of several Red Army men by carrying them on her back out of enemy-occupied territory.

The other is army doctor Klitini, who, under a hail of machine-gun fire, rescued twenty wounded men.

These stirring examples of women's courage would touch the sublime anywhere.

But think what they mean, enacted amid the Russian winter.

Before the snows came, many of our guerilla women swiftly mastered the art of turning hostile minefields on the enemy themselves.

The Red Army has recorded the case of one reconnaissance party which, while operating in the enemy rear, met a guerilla detachment entirely composed of women except for the commander.

These daring women had been killing Germans by removing distinctive marks from their minefields and turning them into traps for passing Germans.

Many German motor-cyclists racing by, officers' cars and other vehicles suddenly took to the air, blown up by their own dynamite.

The women disclosed to the scouts the positions of the hostile mined areas and, taking the scouts through hidden forest paths, directed them to where the main body of troops was concentrated.

Not many of that body was left next day, after the scouts had filtered back to the Red Army lines and passed on the women's information that enabled a swift attack to be launched.

Impromptu Ambush

Another detachment of these Amazons received an order to blow up a bridge and destroy provision stores. The order was executed.

Then, on their return home they espied two enemy tanks and four armoured cars approaching in the distance.

The women at once laid an ambush, and, as the tanks and armoured cars passed, fiercely attacked them with hand-grenades, destroying all of them.

Among the toughest of these Amazon guerillas are the women of the collective farms, hardened as they are by an arduous open-air life.

They fight with arms alongside their menfolk. They mount guard over farm property, and over cattle hidden away in the forests from the plundering hands of Nazis. They help to catch spies and diversionists.

Their activities so alarmed the German General Eberard that he issued an Order of the Day warning his men against secret propaganda and the ruses of partisans, and demanding especially the "examination of bags and baskets carried by peasant women."

Peas and Beans!

I heard the story of one of these peasants, an old woman, who hit on an ingenious idea for counting German tanks passing through her village.

Not being able to count in numbers, she took a handful of peas to represent small tanks and a handful of beans to denote large tanks.

She sat shelling the peas and beans, and slipped into her lap a pea or a bean as each small or large tank passed.

She handed the total to a guerilla, and within an hour the Red Army knew the strength of the enemy tank column, and launched an attack in sufficient force to destroy it.

No woman in Russia is conscripted to take up arms, but all may volunteer.

Hundreds of thousands have done so.

Schoolgirls. Wives and mothers.

Amazing Amazons of the All-In War on our Eastern Front!

★ When the full story of Russia's victories comes to be told it will be found that a tremendous part has been played by her fearless women

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

GRAVE FIRE BOMB PERIL

BRITAIN must look to its fire-fighting services!

If Hitler is Britain's enemy No. 1, enemy No. 2 is undoubtedly our complacency towards the fire peril.

And if Hitler has been weakened by our ally Russia, the other enemy, complacency, is bigger and stronger than ever before, due to lack of raids.

Make a tour of London flats.

Most of these properties are supposed to be defended by tenants doing a two- or four-hour spell of duty now and then.

More often than not the warden tells them: "I shouldn't bother to stay up. You can soon get up if there is a raid."

And they are supposed to stay up.

Usually, it is necessary to sign a book when going on duty.

If Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, cared to make a round of these flats, he would find how often one man or woman approaches the book at ten at night and signs up on behalf of all the tenants.

Some may be fifty, a hundred, miles away. It is easy to get somebody to sign for you.

Rotten Sandbags

And what is true of London is true of many big cities.

A Thornton Heath reader writes about one particular area—and you can't imagine a more important one.

In it, there are some of our largest and most important buildings—premises which one would think were guarded to the last degree against air-raid dangers.

"I should like to know what would happen if 'Jerry' was to come here one night with fire bombs?" he asks. "There is not one bag of sand that could be used. Nearly every one is rotten.

"Nobody seems to worry about how to put fire bombs out. I'm afraid all they could do as things stand would be to WATCH the fires burning. . . ."

I sent one of my representatives to the area concerned.

He found rotten sandbags without sand in them: water pails without water.

He went on to the Ealing-Acton-Chiswick district.

On one of London's biggest estates of flats, where thousands of people live, he searched for three hours for a fire-watcher—and couldn't find one.

In many parts you couldn't even find empty water buckets, empty sandbags.

75 Per Cent. Useless

I am afraid that this complacency isn't exclusive to London.

A Buckinghamshire reader, a conscientious man recently appointed Senior Fire Guard, has written to me.

One of the first duties he undertook was to test local A.R.P. arrangements, and to survey all fire-watching parties coming under his jurisdiction.

He found that about 75 per cent. of the stirrup pumps in one sector alone were not up to the required standard and were unable to function properly! All needed attention before they could be used.

A thorough investigation throughout the country would reveal that this man's discoveries are by no means isolated.

Sandbags are left unattended in all weathers, and pumps are not regularly inspected.

No hard-and-fast rule has ever been laid down by the Ministry of Home Security, and the matter is left entirely to the discretion of local Civil Defence chiefs, who may or may not decide to see that wardens and N.F.S. officials regularly carry out such obvious duties.

Principal Faults

Investigations show that where defective stirrup pumps are concerned the principal faults are:

The ball in the valve sticks;
Slide in nozzle does not move easily;
Nozzle holes are not clear;
Hose is often cracked or broken at junction to pump; and
Nuts become loose and prevent proper flow of water.

In thousands of cases stirrup pumps have never been tested and are still tied up—just as they were when supplied by the manufacturers.

In many areas, too, particularly districts where there has not been any air raid trouble so far, fire watchers have no real knowledge of how to use a pump correctly at a time when every minute is important.

Some who do know their job have found that horses have perished through neglect.

There is muddling right at the helm of our national fire-fighting organisation. As an official himself put it the other day: "We don't know where we are."

Then a large proportion of the men who registered compulsorily have not heard an official word since, and many have since been called up for military service and left their districts or gone abroad.

One reader, who had never done fire watching before, and had received no instruction at all, was sent for by a warden about six o'clock one night, abruptly told that it was "his night on."

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, one of the under-secretaries at the Ministry of Home Security, must set about the scandal with her boundless energy

He duly reported at nine, sat in a cold room all night, and was not seen by a soul. He would have been useless in the event of a raid.

Volunteers De-moted!

I hear of A.F.S. men who have held ranks for two years without complaint and who, upon volunteering for service with the National Fire Service, have had to start all over again, while others with less experience have promotion straight away.

Some men complain that they have to go on duty without bunks to sleep in or blankets to cover them. Some sleep on forms and table tops.

You don't save Britain from the fire peril that way.

So what about it, Mr. Morrison?

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Walter Wild, Harewood, near Leeds, receives this week's £1 1s. for information about a new racket.

Letters are appreciated on all subjects. Envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."

£20,000 Wastepaper Contest

THE New Year will open with the biggest campaign for the salvage and collection of waste paper that Britain has ever known.

You can make it a success.

Factories are desperately short of the products made from waste paper, books and cartons. This shortage must be made good.

It is up to you.

To start the new campaign with a swing, the Waste Paper Recovery Association has organised a nation-wide Waste Paper Contest.

The prize money has been donated by a group of public-spirited citizens.

This great Waste Paper Contest begins on January 1 and ends on January 31, 1942.

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The competition is simple. Every part of the country can compete, and every man, woman and child can take part in helping the nation towards victory.

Charities will also benefit, and it will cost you nothing.

The country has been divided into 20 areas. Each area will have earmarked for it a prize total of £1,000 which must be won.

This amount will be divided among the local authorities in each area which collect most by weight of waste paper and cardboard per head of the population.

The total prize of £1,000 allocated to each area will be divided as follows:

1st Prize	.. ..	£500
2nd Prize	.. ..	£250
3rd Prize	.. ..	£100

and three consolation prizes of £50 each.

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National charities will benefit, as one-half of the prizes won are to be donated to one or more of the following deserving causes:

The Red Cross,
Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund,
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund,
Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association.

The remaining half must be given to any local charity decided by the successful local authority.

Thus, if your district wins £500 and £250 is donated to the Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund, the other £250 can be given to your local hospitals or other local charities.

That, in brief, is the scheme.

You fill in no forms—you fill up sacks with waste paper and cartons, and your local authority will do the rest.

The contest will be keen and short, and the seconds are out of the ring.

The judges are:

Sir Vyvyan Board, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Mr. Sidney T. Garland.

Let your district win a prize. You can help by collecting that waste paper—now.

Ready to Blow Up France's Hidden Gold

ON the desk of the French Admiral, Georges Robert, is a button which, he once said, he will press if Martinique, the French island in the Western hemisphere, is invaded.

If he were to press that button most of France's gold, tucked away in safe vaults in the island fortress, would blow up.

This is just one instance of the dramatic position in which Martinique found herself until the U.S.A. gave assurances that the island would be defended if attacked.

You need a magnifying-glass to discover Martinique on a map of the vast battle areas of the world war, but it has strategical importance because it lies in the Caribbean Sea: bombers based on the island could launch dangerous attacks against the Panama Canal, America's link between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Dictatorial Powers

So Martinique is a coveted danger-spot in the Western Hemisphere. Vichy France, which controls it, has invested the High Commissioner, Admiral Robert, with dictatorial powers.

He rules a population of a quarter of a million dark souls, the élite of French colonials. Among them live fewer than 5,000 white men and their families, who are proud to be natives of France's first colonial possession.

The Nazis have their eyes on Martinique and have smuggled a small Fifth Column of Nazi agents under the guise of refugees into the island. They may now be rounded up.

Genuine refugees who have reached it on their way to the United States have quickly been expelled, shipped to France, their papers marked with an ominous "To be handed to the *Gestapo*."

This fact reveals something of the mentality of Martinique's High Commissioner, who is violently anti-American and anti-British.

Curiously enough, this strategic island has no land aerodrome.

But there is a first-class seaplane base and accommodation for large naval units.

The French aircraft carrier *Béarn*, a 25,000-tonner, took refuge in the big harbour of Fort de France, the capital, and there are nearly a hundred dismantled French fighters stored near by.

Sympathies of the large Negro population are with the United States, but the white Frenchmen of the island are pro-Vichy.

Vichy Holds On

A friend of mine travelling to Martinique recently told me something about possible developments.

His ship was boarded by one of the large contingents of French Senegalese troops which are regularly dispatched to the island.

The Vichy-French are determined to hold on to Martinique, but they were also negotiating with Franco, the Spanish dictator, because they would like him to take it over in an "emergency." Such a move would not have been permitted by the U.S.A., which refuses to recognise territorial changes in the Western hemisphere.

Acutely aware of the international importance of their tiny island, the inhabitants bask in the tropical sun of Martinique, watch exercises by some 2,000 French white marines, and look anxiously towards the sky whence they expect the first hint of trouble.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY WALDO KELLAR

All the other little boys enjoyed themselves immensely with my velveteen hat. They called me awful names

HAUNTED BY A HAT

THIS is quite absurd: the kind of thing that takes all the melodrama out of a life-story.

I got it from a Free Frenchman: call him Victor. Gaunt, stone-grey, aged beyond his fifty years by a long sequence of troubles which, in a bare statement, sound too bad to be true, Victor has the air of a man who has taken punishment.

He says: "The moment I was born, the nurse slapped me to make me breathe. Life has been doing much the same to me ever since. I have become so used to misfortunes of various sorts that I am quite indifferent to them. It is only when things start to go well that I begin to get uneasy."

Time has battered him as the sea batters a rock. There is, indeed, something very rock-like about this wandering Frenchman.

He is ugly as an Epstein statue.

Such hair as remains on his head looks as if it might have been left there by wild sea-birds.

His nose is smashed. His cheeks are scarred. One of his legs is halt. Two of his fingers are missing. Every part of him carries evidence of his genius for dropping into impossible, painful situations.

Some men are like that. Many of them grow embittered. Not so Victor: a fine cheerfulness seems to shine through the chinks in his ill-treated face.

At sixteen, he was in prison for something he did not do. (If he tells me that this was so, I believe it, for the man is no liar.)

At eighteen he was in the Foreign Legion. That is twenty other stories.

In 1913 he was in South America. With amazing adventure salting every mile of the way, he got to Mexico. Victor is one of the very, very few men who was tortured by that bloodiest of all bandits, Zapata, and lived to tell the tale.

He went to France to fight; was captured; escaped; was buried and dug out; fought on.

After the War he starved; went to Africa, went through hell in the Congo. He went with an expedition to the frozen North, and learned the miseries of icy desolation. He did everything, and everything went wrong.

At last, in 1937, he achieved a settled way of life in France. This, he says, must have been what he always wanted.

AND then came the war and the Nazis . . . and the French collapse . . . and there was Victor, wandering again down the wind-swept roads of the world, working out his salvation.

If you try to get a story out of a man like Victor, you find yourself embarrassed with too much riches. If he were a writer, he would never be able to stop writing. (But if he were a writer, he could not be Victor, the man of action.)

A little while ago, when we last met, he told me of the horrors that had been perpetrated upon him in Mexico. I felt my stomach trembling, and said:

"My poor friend! Doesn't it give you nightmares when you remember all that?"

He shrugged, and said "No. It was horribly uncomfortable. But after a month in hospital I was all right again. No, there is, out of all my life, only one thing which, when I remember it, makes me sad."

Visualising hideous atrocities, I said. "Does it bear talking about?"

"Yes," said Victor. "It is not gruesome and not repulsive. Terrible things have happened to me, yet the worst of them all—as I remember it—seems trivial and silly.

"It happened when I was a child. You would scarcely believe it to look at me, but I was a mother's boy.

"MY mother had wished for a daughter, but she only had me. Poor woman, it was a great disappointment; but she tried to compensate herself for this by treating me like a girl.

"She dressed me—peace to her memory, my friend, I am not complaining about her!—in girlish clothes. Little boys of my own age used to laugh at me. I did not like that.

"Now you must know that there is nothing to which a child is more sensitive than ridicule.

"Little boys, especially, like to resemble all other little boys. They want to be one with all the rest. A little boy does not mind being conspicuous, as long as he is conspicuous in a way that his friends and enemies will respect.

"But ridicule is a terrible thing for a little boy, and I was held up to ridicule because of my hair, which was dressed in an effeminate way . . . and, above all, on account of my hat.

"All the other little boys wore caps, virile-looking rough cloth caps with peaks in front and buttons on top.

"But my poor mother, who had wanted a daughter, made me, with her own hands, a sort of hat.

"I have never seen quite so peculiar a hat. It was made of velveteen—black velveteen—embroidered with little circles and scrolls in red and pink. The whole thing was shaped like a basin.

"When my mother had finished this hat she called me to her and put it on my head. I cried. I hated that hat. But my mother was wounded. She liked the hat, and she cried, too.

"So her tears won. I wore the velveteen hat that looked like no other hat on earth.

"All the other little boys enjoyed themselves immensely with my velveteen hat. They called me awful names. They said I was a little girl. They called me *Victorine*, and *Victoria* instead of Victor. They made my life a misery.

"My father was a good man, but obedient to my mother for the sake of peace.

"One afternoon he took me for a walk. This was in Paris. We walked here and there, he talking to me as man to man and firmly holding my hand. I felt soothed.

"We looked in shop-windows. Then, in the Rue Montmartre, we paused at the window of a hatter's shop. I remember how my little heart beat. I clutched my father's forefinger, and pointed.

"There, in the front of the window, was a display of boys' caps. There were some superb caps among them.

"One in particular caught my eye. It was a kind of ruffianly check cap of hairy tweed—the sort of thing an Apache might have worn—a very wicked, masculine cap.

"You like that?" my father said. I liked it so much I could not speak. He saw my face, smiled, and said, 'Then you shall have it.'

"I have never been so happy before or since. Never.

"We went into the shop and bought a cap just like the one in the window.

"I walked home by his side, my small chest swollen with pride, hoping to meet my friends in the street. I strutted like a little peacock. I was in heaven.

"When we reached home, I ran to find my mother. I wanted to show her my fine, manly cap. At last she came in from her shopping.

"SHE looked at me. My heart sank. Twenty times, my friend, I have been near death; but my heart never sank as it did then, as I saw my mother's face.

"'Take that cap off at once,' she said.

"Protests were useless. She felt that my cap was 'common,' vulgar, appropriate to rough boys, but not to me.

"She took the cap away. I followed it with my eyes. She wrapped it up and took it straight back to the shop. I watched her from the window.

"Then I went to my room and cried as if my heart would break. I have never in my life—at the Equator, at the North Pole, in the Sahara Desert, in all the most desolate spots of the earth—experienced such a sensation of misery and desolation.

"Do not laugh. This is the fact.

"I can look back over horrors that would make you hair stand on end.

"But I can think of nothing that affected me half so deeply as the affair of the check cap . . . and of no hatred or disgust like that with which I looked upon the velveteen hat when I had to put it on for school next day.

"And that is how I come to be here.

"I was passing the hat-shop. A little boy with yellowish hair was crying very bitterly. The weeping of unhappy children always touches my heart.

"But this child was pointing to—yes, this is how things recur!—pointing to a tweed cap in the window. On his head was a velveteen hat, an absurd little hat of a mauve colour. His father struck him.

"It was then that I stepped forward to interfere.

"My mind went back. I was nearly mad with pity. I did not mean to hurt the boy's father. And yet . . . I am here . . . and all because my poor mother made me wear a velveteen hat. It is very strange."

Victor told me this in a condemned cell.

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH LIFE

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It is often said that Life is what you make it.

It is less often said, though none the less true, that Life is how you see it.

You can see it steadily and see it whole, or you can see it in patches and in bits. You can have a well-balanced view or a distorted view.

You can have a cynical view or a human view—a view through black spectacles or through those of a rosier tint.

There are almost as many ways of seeing Life as there are people to see it!

But see it or make it or what you will, you and Life have to get acquainted.

You have to live it.

The quicker you know—REALLY know—what you're facing, the better, and the easier.

Don't therefore take the easy view that Life is a "journey," that it is a "voyage," that it is an "adventure."

It isn't.

It is a series of journeys, a succession of voyages, an endless number of adventures. If you once get that idea firmly fixed in your mind, you're beginning to see and to understand Life.

The old Greek philosophers knew it. They said Life was a flux. They expressed it by saying that we never dip twice in the same stream.

Maybe the best way to see Life is to see it as a succession of ventures, each of which has to be tackled afresh, but tackled in the light of the experience gained in previous ones.

We can often change the scene to suit ourselves.

Mostly the scene changes and we have to change with it, change to meet it, adjust ourselves to the different conditions.

Nothing endures for ever.

Times change and conditions alter, all the time and in every conceivable way.

If we know that—REALLY know it—we're on the road to meeting the changes as and when they occur. We aren't likely to be taken by surprise and left stranded. We're prepared for changes—and that's a big thing.

The biggest source of unhappiness in the world is the fallacious idea that as we are, so we can remain.

That is impossible.

That is Life's favourite trick to catch us unawares!

JOHN BULL'S TEN MINUTE STORY

SPOTLIGHT on the Sparrow

By W. A. SWEENEY

MRS. TIBBIT, leaning out of her dingy window, studied the unfamiliar gaps in the skyline where for years the ring of tenement buildings had reared their sordid heads.

"Just like as if a youngster 'ad built a lot of 'ouses with his toy bricks and then shot his little fist in among 'em to bring 'em down again for fun, like. As I've seen 'em do," she murmured.

Turning her back on the view, she let her gaze wander over the familiar contents of her little room.

Maybe it was her bit of heaven, and, if so, it was aptly placed, for it was one of many such rooms in a slum block christened Paradise Buildings by their creator, an old gentleman with side-whiskers whose name was on a stone plaque let into the main frontage.

The adjoining block of slums, equally wretched, was known as Hopewell Houses—an investment by an old lady who, in Victoria's reign, had let them at a "nominal" rent, made a fortune out of them, and earned herself a memorial thereby.

But Mrs. Tibbit knew nothing of these origins.

Her room possessed that terrible general scantiness that spells Poverty—a saucepan lacking a lid, a complete dearth of matches, a jam-pot empty in such a way as to denote that there really *was* no more jam in the place. Quite a lot of such ghastly little touches. . . .

But it was clean and tidy, and the poor things arranged in it were arranged (as Coventry Patmore says) with careful art to comfort her sad heart.

For Mrs. Tibbit had been badly hit by the war.

She was a charlady. But now, it seemed, nobody could afford charladies. Many employers, indeed, had become their own charladies.

She was old, destitute, and alone.

She had called on Mrs. Binker only that morning to ask her if she knew of anything. But Mrs. Binker had not been helpful.

And that was odd, for Mrs. Tibbit and she had done many a day's work together. But now Mrs. Binker didn't seem to care two hoots about her old fellow-campaigner.

"This 'ere war 'as changed a lot of people," Mrs. Tibbit told herself. "Made 'em selfish, so it 'as."

Fame had come to Mrs. Binker. Hence, alas! the moral decay. For years she had been char to a journalist, and one day he had asked her if she would like a job as dresser in a theatre.

"'Er newspaperman got 'er that," murmured Mrs. Tibbit. "Lucky she was to 'ave a newspaperman to do for. Wish *I* 'ad a newspaperman—or anybody for that matter."

She sighed, and her old eyes caught the flutter of a sparrow on her dingy window-sill. Something like a smile came to her worn lips.

"Now, that's funny," she said. "Sparrers was always lucky for me. Wonder if that's a sign. Come 'ere, my dear."

She went to look for some bread in the cupboard, and not until she opened the door did she remember that she had eaten the last crumb herself the day before. She leaned helplessly against the empty shelves and began to cry.

Through her tears she saw the blurred print of the newspapers with which the shelves were lined, and it was at that instant that her idea came to her.

She straightened up and looked once again at the sparrow, still hopefully framed in the window's opening.

"Now I wonder if that there sparrer ——?" She spoke to herself in an excited whisper. "Sparrers was always lucky for me, so they was. Anyway, it's an idea."

She went in search of a neighbour, from whom she timidly procured the loan of a copy of that day's *Daily Post*.

"If *she* got 'er job through a newspaperman," she said, back in her room, "there ain't no reason why *I* shouldn't 'ave a try."

She would ask one of those all-powerful journalists to get her a job as a dresser. Why not? It had worked with Mrs. Binker, hadn't it?

"Nothin' like a try," said plucky little Mrs. Tibbit.

Vaguely she looked through the paper until her eyes sorted out the column devoted to the theatres, and one of the articles, she noticed, was signed by the word *Spotlight*.

"That ought to be the gentleman to see," murmured Mrs. Tibbit, thoughtfully. "'E seems to do the theatres, don't 'e? And now where's the blessed address?"

More searchings with wrinkled brows, and then on went her shabby hat, a final touch to that old dress, a last smile at the sparrow, who, with cheeky head cocked on one side, seemed to be supervising the operations from the sill—and she was ready.

"Shouldn't be surprised if you was lucky, my dear," she told him optimistically.

AT the office of the *Daily Post*, Mrs. Tibbit came before a Mr. Bloggs, who sat behind a small opening, asked people their business, and gave them slips to fill in.

Now Mr. Bloggs had just that moment come on duty, and had not yet put on his coat with brass buttons. Moreover, that day he hadn't read the newspaper that employed him. He seldom did, in fact, as he disapproved (privately) of its political policy.

Mrs. Tibbit consulted the scrap of paper in her hand.

"Please," she asked timidly, "could I see Mr. Spotlight?"

Mr. Bloggs surveyed the faded old figure in its faded old clothes.

"Why, certainly," he said. "And Mr. Footlight, too, if you like. Not to speak of Mr. Limelight," he added humorously, for Mr. Bloggs was a wit, a jester, a man of *esprit*, full of boisterous quips. And this old woman amused him. He didn't know whom or what she was talking about, and supposed she didn't, either. Not that it mattered, from the look of her.

"And what, may I ask," he drawled, imitating the editor, of whom he stood in mortal terror, "do you want to see Mr. Spotlight about?"

Mrs. Tibbit explained at some length. "So I thought as 'ow I'd come along and ask," she concluded. And she offered up a silent prayer to the sparrow.

Mr. Bloggs reflected. Crazy, he concluded. Nuts. Then he had an inspiration for a joke.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "*I* am Mr. Spotlight!"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Tibbit. "Then, sir, do you think—perhaps—could you put in a word for me, sir, same as Mrs. Binker's gentleman did?"

Mr. Bloggs considered again. He would risk it. Nobody called Mr. Spotlight existed, except in the old woman's imagination—or somebody had been pulling her leg. (Mr. Bloggs never read the theatre notices in the *Daily Post*.) She was just blathering, and it would be a good crack to tell the boys.

"Yes," he said. "Go round to the Hilarity Theatre and tell the manager Mr. Spotlight sent you round."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" breathed Mrs. Tibbit. "Thank you ever so." And away she went.

"Sparrers was always lucky for me," she murmured, and the phrase continued to run like an endless thread of gold through her mind.

LATER that afternoon, Mr. Parching, of the Hilarity Theatre, entered the office.

"Anything important?" he asked his secretary.

"Mr. Pipstone called. Said he had an appointment with you about his play."

"I said anything *important*," replied the manager. "What are you babbling to me about authors for? Who else?"

"Stibbs the actor called ——"

"Who else?" The manager began to open envelopes.

"Nobody, except a queer, shabby, crazy old woman who said she had been sent round by a Mr. Spotlight for a job. Somebody pulling her leg."

The manager looked up sharply.

"Sent by Mr. *Who*?"

"A Mr. Spotlight," repeated the secretary, smiling, "of the *Daily Post*. The dramatic critic of the *Post* is Charles Farcombe, so I didn't know what she was driving at."

A hard, business gleam came into the manager's eyes.

"You don't read the newspapers. Did you take her address?"

"Yes, as a matter of form, but ——"

"Write her and give her a job. At once. Give her some job. You know who's just agreed to finance this theatre—as a result of six months' damned hard work on my part?"

His secretary stared at him.

"I'll tell you," said the manager. "Lord Havercroft."

"The proprietor of the *Post*?"

"The same. And this theatre practically belongs to him now. Another thing you don't know. When he himself writes on the theatre, as he occasionally does, he uses the pen-name of *Spotlight*. But keep that under your hat. And get that old woman a job just as fast as you can make it."

He was too busily engaged with his correspondence to notice a sparrow flying past his window on its way to a late lunch after a good morning's work.

You Must Be Tardy

WHY don't school teachers give lessons in good manners?

Why spend so much time in looking after children's physical and intellectual fitness and leave them ignorant about social behaviour?

The question has often been asked by readers.

The answer is that tips concerning social conduct are learnt incidentally rather than through formal lessons.

A man cannot become a gentleman by reading a book of rules about etiquette. He needs common-sense, thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and the right instinct.

Do you ever get plagued by a visitor who does not know when to leave? (*asks a woman reader*). That is one of my problems at present.

The man began coming when my husband was ill, and we were glad of his visits.

But now that my husband is quite better the man still comes about four evenings a week. He appears about 7 o'clock and just hangs on and on.

We have tried giving him gentle hints, but he does not take them.

We have supper about 8.30 and are bound to invite him to join us. In normal times we should not mind. We are not mean. But in these days of strict rationing it is not easy to make the food spin out.

Can you suggest any way in which we can get over the difficulty without being rude or hurting his feelings?

A SOMEWHAT similar problem comes from a man who has been bombed out of his home and now lives in a place where everyone knows everyone else.

We speak to all our neighbours (*he writes*), but we don't encourage them to come into the house.

They are quite nice people, but one old lady has worked her way in and we cannot get rid of her.

She seems to mother everybody, but my wife and I are getting on in years and we don't want mothering.

It started through my wife's going into hospital for a minor operation. The old lady insisted on coming to cook a meal for me in the evening. I could have done it myself, but did not like to hurt her feelings.

She used to stay chatting till 9 o'clock. My wife is home again, but the old lady still comes. We can't listen to the wireless while she is here.

I have begun going out in the evenings, but this has led to words with my wife.

We don't like to choke the old lady off for fear of upsetting all the neighbours, but we don't want to leave the house because it is convenient for my work. What can we do about it?

I have no doubt that thousands of readers have had this kind of problem.

Any visitor who is sensitive to atmosphere would know when it is time to go away. The majority of others would recognise a hint without taking offence.

A remark like "Good gracious, is it as late as that?" ought to be quite enough.

A clergyman of my acquaintance gives the tip by winding the clock, observing that he always does this last thing before going to bed.

But if visitors fail to notice such hints one can only conclude that they are

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Speed the Guest

Visitors who overstay their welcome are a difficult problem, but there are various methods by which you can dislodge them

Says HUMANIST

hick-skinned and will therefore not be hurt by stronger hints.

A young hostess does not hesitate to say: "Now you must forgive me for sending you home, but there are some letters I must write to-night. A nuisance, isn't it, but these things have to be done!"

Speaking about social behaviour reminds me of a story told about the late King Edward VII.

He was entertaining a V.C. to luncheon at the Palace, and the man was obviously embarrassed. When the waiter offered him a portion of ice the young fellow, not knowing what to do with it, dropped it into his soup!

The late King was doubtless surprised and amused, but in the most matter-of-fact way he did exactly the same.

That kind of behaviour is not taught in books about table manners. It sprang from a gentlemanly instinct to avoid making the visitor feel a fool.

BUT it is not necessary to be a king or a member of the Peerage to be a gentleman.

A delightful story was sent to me by a young wife whose husband was called to the Forces.

We decided that we could not afford to keep on with our flat (*she wrote*), and it was agreed that I should live with my mother for the duration.

But we were so proud of the flat and had been so very happy there, I hated leaving it.

But the van arrived and two chirpy-looking men knocked at the door. They were talking and whistling as they went about the work of removal, and one by one our pieces of furniture went.

One of the men was rather like "Old Bill" in appearance, and the other was a comic Cockney with a ludicrous little red nose.

But they both noticed what was happening. I could not help shedding a tear or two, though I tried so hard to look calm.

Not a word was said. They stopped their chatter and whistling. They moved about as if someone were ill.

They almost tried to remove the things without my noticing. They did not glance at my face.

When the place was empty they quietly said "Good morning"—and did not hang about for a tip.

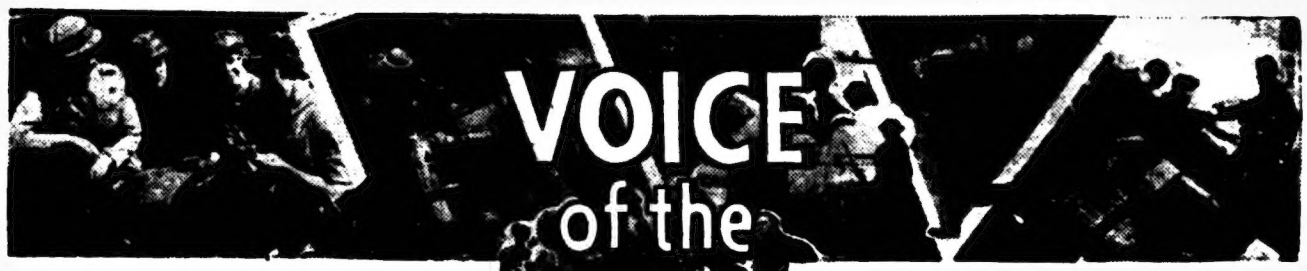
Outside the door only one remark reached me: "Tough luck on these young 'uns, ain't it!" They realised what it had meant to me.

These two men were perfectly sweet.

It's a pathetic little incident, but I would say this about the two men! Their knowledge of etiquette was probably crude, and they would have committed a dozen *faux pas* at a public dinner. But they were gentlemen, both of them, in the finest sense of the word.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).



VOICE of the TROOPS

AN hour before he was due to go on duty deep down among the boilers of his ship, Leading Stoker T. H. Fletcher, of the Mercantile Marine, picked up a book.

So interesting was it that he wondered why he hadn't read it before. Then, as he got more engrossed, he forgot he was a sailor in mid-Atlantic, and found himself living with the characters the author was portraying.

Finally, reaching the end of a chapter, he looked at the clock.

The rest he tells in a letter home to Holt Street, West Hartlepool:

I chucked the book down and flew for the stokehold, but had just got to the door when a terrific explosion threw me down.

It was every man for himself. It was a terrible sight to see men striving to cling to the side of the ship, and others fighting for life in the water.

I jumped, but I caught my arm in a rope and put my shoulder out. I swam an hour like that: then a chum saw my predicament and threw a life-belt to me.

I swam about a little more and then was picked up by another ship. I was darned near through by then, I can tell you.

I escaped with a few days in hospital, but if I hadn't got so interested in that book I would have been in the stokehold *where the torpedo struck*. I wouldn't have stood a dog's chance then.—T.

★ ★ ★

"AND MUCH INFORMATION"

Mr. A. Coffey, of Rainhill, near Liverpool, hears from a nephew serving as a signalman in Africa:

I was out on night patrol. I had wandered some distance from the main party when the rat-tat of enemy rifle fire made me take to the ground.

I hadn't been there long when I heard the crunch of stubble weeds. The footsteps drew nearer—not one, but several. Soon they were crossing my path—one, two, three lanky Italians stalked past me.

After a time I began to stalk after them, and had gone half a mile when I heard voices—and not English voices, either.

My three enemies were returning. I dropped again. And as I hadn't the cover here that I had before, I decided to pick off the first one that came.

I let them pass and then, helped by the light of the rising moon, emptied my magazine. One fell: the other two made off

I crawled towards the shot man. He lay still, with two bullets in his thigh. I was examining him to the best of my ability when I again heard voices, more friendly voices this time, and I linked up with the main party.

One never knows whether one should have fired or not, because firing gives positions away. But we all went on. And we came across the other two Italians dressing their wounds.

Later we found that I had wandered within half a mile of the Italian camp, and that my action had prevented this advance party of Italians from getting back to their lines with information on the whereabouts of our own men. It wasn't a lot, but it makes you realise what lies behind such bulletins as, "Our patrols brought back three prisoners and much information."

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIBYAN PICTURES

And now two letters that have a special interest because they left the Middle East just a few days before our offensive there began.

One, from A/C Sydney Williams, R.A.F., to his mother, Mrs. L. Sharpe, of Pulton House, Honor Oak Estate, Brockley, S.E.4, says:

The weather here is now very hot in the evening and very cold at night. The rains are due [They started with the offensive—EDITOR] and they will bring all the snakes out.

The approach of rain seems to be having another strange effect. We are sung to sleep by thousands of crickets. Our billet sounds like a hundred bake-houses.—Tom.

★ ★ ★

And a second, from Corporal C. Newton to his mother at Duncan Street, Brimsworth, Rotherham;

Something is going to happen. We are on the move nearly every week, and prisoners are being brought in for some reason or another.

They are Italians, those I've seen. I must say it's pitiful to see them. Some of them are so very young, and simply dying for a drink of water. But British people wouldn't find it easy to take to them.

They carry powder and cream of every kind—*and* use it. And they simply smell of scent.—C.

★ ★ ★

NO RED TAPE THERE!

Seaman A. C. Wardell (D.J./x 167047) never thought he'd fly in a war-plane. Then his naval ship put into a British overseas port for a boiler clean.

The rest he describes to his sister, Mrs. Powdrell, Eton Street, Hessle, Hull:

We were out for a walk when our leading seaman hit on the idea of asking for a trip in a 'plane. We went to an aerodrome, but we were told we would have to get permission of the C.O. of the Fleet Air Arm.

A pal and I decided to see it through. We asked our lieutenant. He made the necessary approaches. And we have both had lovely trips in Fulmar fighters—me with a pilot officer and my mate with a flying officer.

We were up an hour and did about 300 miles an hour—wearing "Mae West" life-jackets and parachutes. It was lovely!—A.

★ ★ ★

BATTLE OF THE CINEMA

Finally, from A.B. Frank Massie, serving on a battle cruiser, to his brother at Dover Street, Folkestone, comes:

Pro-Germans got Chaplin's film, "Great Dictator," banned in Buenos Aires, but that didn't stop British people and the friends of the British seeing it.

At one port in Chile, pro-Nazis raided the theatre when it was shown. A lovely scrap followed. Next night the British people who had already seen the film made a cordon round the cinema.

The show went on inside while a battle-royal was fought in the street with sticks and stones. Anyhow, the Nazis lost—as they are going to lose on the grand scale later.

But all we get from the Germans we meet out here are dirty looks.—Frank.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

It is important if a child is to "m..." good teeth. The need is greatest between six and seven years of age. But there is no child's ration of oranges for youngsters living through that important year.—Doctor, Manchester.

★ ★ ★

Young, unmarried soldier of my acquaintance keeps deserting because he sees no chance of tasting active service: gets rising scale of punishment. Surely such lads can be rushed out to a theatre of war and given their chance?— . . .

★ ★ ★

Shortage of man-power? Nonsense. Why, we are sparing first-grade drill sergeants to teach women recruits the Guards' "Slow March," and no doubt will soon be teaching our Girl Guides the goosestep.—B. Heath, Windermere Road, Streatham.

★ ★ ★

Parcel posted by my mother (aged seventy-four) to grandson on a warship has followed him for fourteen months, covered 60,000 miles, reached him perfectly packed with contents, including cake, as fresh as on the day sent.—Mrs. Kneen, Micklefield Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

THE NEW YEAR

LIKE a Light across the winter sky the New Year breaks. God grant it may hold Better Times, for all our sakes. God grant it may hold happier days, when Hope will shine, and bring to tired and anxious hearts God's Faith Divine.

LIKE a Song upon Heaven's Holy Hill, the New Year calls. God grant its stirring message upon the whole world falls. God grant that Life be filled with Faith, and Courage rare, to turn each bitter tear to joy, and each doubt to a prayer.

LIKE a Shining Spire above the World, the New Year stands God grant it points to Freedom o'er all War-darkened lands, so that the Healing Tides of Peace upon Life's Shores will roll, so that the New Year writes in Gold on Liberty's New Scroll the names of all who gave their all, so Freedom's Torch be passed, into the Future, through the years, Eternally to last. J. M.

"I feel bad. Even the silly gold-fish don't amuse me. I haven't caught a mouse for weeks. They'll be sacking me from the Larder Guard."

"I'm going to touch that packet to see if it's a mirage . . . No, it's real! She's rumbled I wasn't well and she's giving me TIBS!"

"Rats? They turn into white mice when they see me. I've caught more than any other cat for miles."

TIBS are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 9 or 1/1½ for 21.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

6979-8

He's a great favourite in the kitchen, our Carroty George. He has a hundred and one ways of making himself agreeable. Given a chance he'll enter into your pots and pans with real relish. Even if you reduce him to dice he won't be cut up ; and he takes frying, steaming, stewing or boiling, in perfectly good part. He plays the leading part in

Club Carrots

Scrub and grate 6 large carrots and mix with a teaspoonful of finely shredded white heart of cabbage. Make a dressing of 1 small teacupful thick unflavoured custard, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 1 teaspoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon each mustard, pepper, and salt, and 1 tablespoon finely chopped pickles. Toast 4 thick slices of bread on each side, then slit open to make large pockets. Spread the insides of these pockets with margarine, and stuff with the filling. Serve at once. **A first-rate supper dish.**

C8

THE LAST LAUGH

H. R. (Fordingbridge).—"You will no doubt agree that getting soap in the eye can be very dangerous." Yes, we once heard of a man who opened the door of an hotel bathroom by mistake and the occupant registered a direct hit with a tablet of sweet lavender.

D. W. (Northampton).—"I predict that it will soon be possible to travel to the moon by rocket." This should go a long way towards solving the problem of finding internment camps for Italian prisoners.

P. A. (Morden).—"I miss the Swiss sports season." Perhaps the Underground could accelerate the escalators to toboggan speed for you.

F. Y. (Pulborough).—"I have purchased a really nice second-hand car. It simply passes belief." But we don't suppose it'll pass anything else.

H. H. (Edenbridge).—"I had made up my mind to stay home last night but this caused an argument with the wife." Who had made up her face to go out?

S. L. (Oxford).—"He has an egg-shaped head." Egg-shaped? What's that like?

D. F. (Ogbourne).—"I began my commercial career by running errands." Very unusual. Few errand boys *run* errands.

S. V. (Manchester).—"After all, a man does not lose anything by lending a friend a few pounds occasionally." Except perhaps a few pounds occasionally.

W. N. (Norwich).—"As I was speaking at the meeting a heckler kept mimicking me." So you told him not to act like an idiot?

E. Y. (Windsor).—"At the party some of my friends for a joke put a pair of handcuffs on me and then pretended they had lost the key." You play the piano, we presume.

C. R. (Templecombe).—"I once caught a fish with my umbrella." Why did it want your umbrella? It must have been quite used to getting wet.

M. G. (Rickmansworth).—"I have worked twenty-four years for the same firm." Another twelve months and you will be celebrating your silver wedding.

F. N. (Dorchester).—"I had a feeling of acute discomfort after the meal." Indigestion or just a big bill?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Now! just some nice cheery little New Year message for the folk at home"

G. P. (Groombridge).—"Boxers who meet in the ring are very often firm friends in private life." They are often inseparable in the ring, too.

CECIL (Hurstpierpoint). — "I went to London, entered a restaurant and sat down. Two waiters immediately ran up to my table." Hadn't you paid your bill the last time you were there?

MRS. L. (Stepney).—"Were you surprised to see me leaving the telephone box near your office the other day?" No, not really. You could hardly have taken it away with you.

PORTER (London, S.W.).—"I have always found that railway passengers are calm and courageous during an air raid." They only have cold feet in front of the waiting-room fire.

J. T. (Ashford).—"The woman next door seems to have her alarm clock ringing all day." Perhaps her idea is to give you the impression that she is on the telephone.

O. M. (Barnet).—"I once excavated an old bone battle-axe faced with granite in Sussex." With difficulty we refrain from dragging in a mother-in-law comment.

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"'Our FLAMES bombed Nicosia, Cyprus, last night.'"

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"... referring to the passing of silvered copper CORNS on the darkened trams and buses, point out that feeling for the milled edge of a silver coin might facilitate detection of such tricks."

Fynnon Salt loosens stiff joints

Sir,—I have been suffering great pain in my hands and arms. I could hardly lift my right arm above my head, and my fingers were beginning to twist with chronic rheumatism. Then I saw your advertisement in the paper and decided I would try Fynnon Salt. I got some and had only taken it a few times when I found relief. Am now using a second tin, and the pain and numb feeling are gone. My hands are straight and back to normal and I can lift my arm freely.

E. N., Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Try Fynnon yourself. Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Incl. Purchase Tax.

TRY A FORTNIGHT ON FYNNON

Fynnon Ltd., Ge. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

NOW-What to do for CHAPS, CHILBLAINS WORK-SORE HANDS

Oh! The misery of chaps and chilblains, the maddening nuisance of work-sore hands, the pain of sore heels . . . But here's what to do to bring comforting relief at once: get a Snowfire Healing Tablet. Use it to-night. To-morrow the pain and irritation will be gone. Amazing but true!

Snowfire Healing Tablet costs so little—does so much.

LIMITED IN SUPPLY . . . BUT NOT IN GOODNESS

"Walters'

Palm Toffee

DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

GREATEST OF THESE

● New Year for the mother of this bonnie baby, living in Portobello, does not appear very promising.

Her husband, who served in the Great War, never well enough to compete in the labour market, was only awarded a pension for twelve months.

With his wife's help he started a little business which has been ruined by the present war. Owing to worry the unfortunate man is now a patient in a mental hospital.

A summons for debt of £12 on their furniture was recently issued, but creditors have no agreed to accept reduced payments. Even so, with a baby under two years of age, this unhappy woman has a hard task to keep going on 24s. weekly from Public Assistance, from which 9s. weekly has to be paid for rent.

Will you send something to cheer her up?

Donations earmarked "Hackney," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration fees.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,303

FIRST PRIZE £50.

S. W. Bell, 285, Hollinhurst Road, Bournemouth.
Example: SOMEWHERE IN WINDSOR
Bullet: HARLEYSBURY "SHAWS"—WELLINGTON'S "BRILLIANCE."

220: M. Allenby, 241, Boothferry Road, Hull.
Example: Giving Us Jobs
Bullet: These Acres Without "Bilges."

210: V. Barclay, 10, Heathcote Road, St. Margaret's, Middlesex.
Example: He Risked It And
Bullet: "Old Enemy" Smiled Back!

85: R. C. Bingham, 5, Martell Road, S.E.21.
In The Axis Camp—Red Lent? Red Light!

84: Mrs. S. Rundle, 76, Pawbrother St., Grimsby.
Mighty Task—One! "Overlooked" Yesterday.

83: Mrs. Lucy Cocks, 97, Wembury Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
To Defeat Us—Big Job, Little Jap!

82: A. H. Box, 21, Lansdall Avenue, Lee, Gainsborough, Lincs.
Ups And Downs—"Writing Home" Gambols Of.

80s.: D. Aspinall, 373, High Street, Connah's Quay, Chester.
Rumbay—Japan "Dropped," *After* Bombs.

80s.: B. C. Anderson, 6, Gurney Road, Northolt, Middlesex.
Ups And Downs—Of Grandpa's, Rather "Sleep."

80s.: A. Sims, 13, Chalks Road, Whitchall, Bristol.
Old War-horse—For Lucky Bulls Dinner!

87s.: G. Yarnall, 2, Ridgehill Road, Aberystwyth.
Stopped The Rot—Canadian—Then *Organ* Started!

80s.: O. Bolingbroke, 40, Retreat Road, Edinburgh.
Somewhere In Bath—Baby—Daddy Rescues Soap!

Lenny Hamper Award with 3 Gold Prizes above. A list of 3 Winners of 25s. and 50 Winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 255.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Sage. 2. Beam. 3. Bay. 4. Denial. 5. Dust. 6. Sear. 7. Moth. 8. Seat or Set. 9. Rue. 10. Ghost. 11. Blues. 12. Tusk. 13. Bale. 14. Port.

£100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Bray, Grass Roots, Farley, Salisbury; S. Burgess, 63, Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, N.1; W. Way, 68, Cherry Tree Walk, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 17 entrants. In addition, Plum Pudding goes to each prize-winner in this Contest.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £350

NEW LIVES—NEW NEEDS

Commercial Traveller is Copper now

"Well, blow me down! There's a chap in that car I used to know "on the road". But he's used to being held up. Well, I wouldn't mind being back in HIS seat.' So philosophises a W.R. policeman, one of the many new arms in the *how to-day—doing* harder work than many people know. Carry on, Coppers!

THEY BOURN-VITA SLEEP GO REFRESHED SLEEP

Phosphorus, Calcium, Iron } Mineral and nerve foods

Malt Extract—Tonic and digestive properties

Calcium, Vitamins A, B & D } Essential to the body's health

NO SUGAR NEEDED

On the Home Front, battles are being won every day—big little victories against tiredness, irritability, nervous strain. Nature's own tonic, sound *natural* sleep (whenever you can get it) is the best thing ever for your new wartime lives. A warning cup of Bourn-vita, *still at the old peacetime price*, will help you to get your essential ration of body-and-mind-restoring SLEEP. Bourn-vita is a night food-drink with special nerve-soothing properties that bring sleep very quickly.

See panel for analysis of Bourn-vita

GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR SLEEP WITH —

CADBURY'S BOURN-VITA 1/5 PER ½LB.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalise an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour regurgitation, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). *Including Purchase Tax. Also* 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 9d., 1/3, 2/9 and 3/11½. *(Including Purchase Tax.)* Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trademark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

JILPS PREVENT WHEEZINESS IN WARDENS!

CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND SORE THROATS

Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose are among the many health-protecting ingredients contained in Jilps, all highly recommended by doctors. Buy Jilps whenever you can, supplies are restricted these days.

4½d

Made by the Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne

WIN A CHEQUE and PLUM PUDDING!

PLUM PUDDINGS

£100 CASH £25 VALUE IN RUNNER-UP AWARDS

For result of Xword No. 255, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter as coupon follows.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in 'entry' column. 5P Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3P 5P 5P

SOME PEOPLE THINK GOOD WORK IS SIMPLY THIS			G	R	N	D		
AS A RULE, SOLDIER GOES INTO ACTION IN SOME CONFUSION OF DRESS					A	S	H	
PLENTY OF CURRENCY IN GOOD OFFER		R	U	S				
CONFUSED GREY HAIR, FULL, CONCEIVES GREEN CARPENTER'S CONCEIT IS			D	U				
AT ASSEMBLING ARE SEEN BADLY BE GRAY CURRENCY THAT WAS					E	S	T	
ONE DRESSED AT CHURCH, AROUND CHURCH HAD TO CONSIDERABLE PRIDE		H	E	L				
DRESSED ONE OFFER LEADER LOT DRESSED			M	I		E	R	
ASSESSING CREDIT SPECIALLY APPROPRIATE SPEAKER, WHAT'S THIS						L	O	W
WHEN PEOPLE DO THIS, THEY SOMETIMES DISPOSE THAT GRAY		S	K	I				
GRAY SUBSCRIBE A CERTAIN COLLEGE DRESSED				L		G		
LEGAL APPROPRIATE GRAY DO THIS OF GRADE DO CREDIT CHANGE TO CHURCH			D	E		A	T	E
BUY WELL GENERALLY FIRE THIS UP WHEN HE SEEMS ASSESS IT			S	L		N	G	
THIS CHANGE SEEMS PEOPLE THINK OF CHANGING						I	C	E
SEEM SHOPS OCCASIONALLY SPOILS LOOSE OF		H	O		S	E		

FREE ENTRIES Bond in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 coupons submitted. 2 coupons FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark: MON., JAN. 12.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 258)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH NEW PRIZES FAMILY CAKES!

£100 £50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH HAMPER of Seasonable LUXURIES

UNDER-AWARDS £5 £4 £3 £2

50 FRUIT CAKES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,303 appears on page 14

ROUND THE WORLD NOW AMERICA'S FIGHTING AT THE WORD "GO" THE JAPS FRIGHTFULNESS UP AT THE B.B.C. YOUNGSTER OF TO-DAY IT LOOKS AS IF UNBROKEN KING WINTER HE'S AN OLD HAND, SO DISCREETLY

HUMMING WITH ACTIVITY TO AVERT A CATASTROPHE FANFARE OF TRUMPETS HEARD NO MORE APPROACHING THE END LEFT BEHIND LIFE IS PRECIOUS, BUT IN WHITEHALL'S PANTOMIME

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN HITLER'S.....
DAD'S NEW .....
IF ONLY WE'D.....
HONOURABLE.....
HELP FOR-THE .....
FOOD LITTLE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each item paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each item paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,306 Closing Postmark: MON., JAN. 12.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,306—or Xword No. 258, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Smile all the while

Whatever the day brings we've got to keep smiling. So let's make our smiles worth while. Above all don't take chances with your teeth. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it polishes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Bottles being purchased for coloured counter, Odol Tooth Powder cleans Polar Teeth and Plates beautifully. 1/3d. a tin.

Keep that winning Smile!

Odol

Tooth paste 7d., 1/3, 2/9d. Tooth Powder 7d. Antiseptic Powder 7d.

Help Your Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a Story"

DON'T let backache, dizziness, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and painful joints wear you out.

These frequent signs of kidney distress call for prompt treatment. They indicate that self-poisoning is going on—that harmful impurities are remaining in the blood stream.

DON'T WORRY! All may yet be well if you take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills without delay. This special kidney medicine stimulates sluggish kidneys, so that excess uric acid and other impurities which have been irritating the system are filtered away.

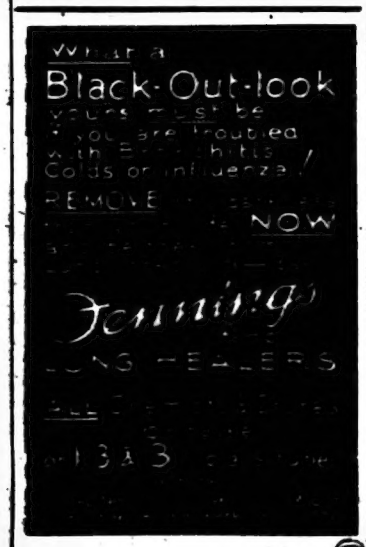
Actual experiences of anxious men and women prove the value of Doan's Pills in overcoming backache, rheumatic troubles, lumbago, swollen, painful muscles and joints, urinary and bladder irregularities, gravel and disturbed sleep.

1/3, 3/3, 5/10 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

WHO'S YOUR BEST FRIEND?

Who thinks you're the grandest person on earth? Who sticks to you—right or wrong—through thick and thin? Who'd leave a palace to live in a hut with you? You know—your DOG! Repay his devotion by keeping him in perfect health and condition—by giving him a KARSWOOD Dog Powder twice a week. 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts give their valuable pedigree dogs Karswood Dog Powders. Your best friend deserves them, too! Cost ?—just over a penny a week. He's worth that, isn't he? Get Karswood Dog Powders in 7d. and 1/2½d. pkts. from Chemists, Corn Dealers, etc.



WHAT IS THE EASIEST THING TO GROW?

There's one thing that will grow without any trouble at all—*your* money, invested in National Savings Certificates.

If you buy a Savings Certificate to-day you pay 15/- for it. After that it just goes on increasing in value until in ten years' time it is worth 20/6. AND YOU DON'T PAY ANY INCOME TAX ON THIS INCREASE.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The "No-Trouble" Investment

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

FIRST . Andrews cleanses and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.

THEN . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax

When days are cold fancy grafter Andrews with the chill off.

ANDREWS

The quality is always the same

Your kitchen range must burn less this winter!

Get to know it better. Persuade it to do more—for less! Every scuttle saved means more for the factories, to swell the output of weapons—to finish the job.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

Have a fire in one room only—breakfast in the kitchen

Never use your oven for a single dish

Use less hot water for baths and washing up

Wrap up hot water pipes and tanks to retain heat

Waste occurs when dampers are open unnecessarily

Sift and use all cinders, and use coal dust for banking

Call at your Coal Office or Gas or Electricity Showroom for advice and leaflets on how to economise.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL · COKE · GAS · ELECTRICITY · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

ISSUED BY THE MINES DEPARTMENT

WAR WORKERS FIRST

SHE MADE HIM LATE FOR HIS WAR JOB

There's little room for aimless travellers now—*and what there is they take from war workers.*

If you can choose your travelling times—for shopping, pleasure, visiting or whatever it is—

PLEASE

TRAVEL BETWEEN

10 & 4

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

British Gold

SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 1/3 OZ.

STOP
SEPTIC
WOUNDS
Before minor injuries become serious dangers, Lion Ointment brings inflammation out; prevents it spreading; forms healing skin in a few days. Safe and sure for Boils, Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sore Nipples, Eczema.
Chemists per box (Incl. Pur. Tax) 2/- & 1/3
BURGESS
LION OINTMENT

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